THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

ON another page there is reproduced a hostile criticism of Canada from the columns of John Bull, an English weekly, edited by Horatio Bottomley, M.P. That journal has been knocking Canada for some time past, and a short time ago had a hot row with officials of the Canadian office in London. Yet this country must expect some hostile criticism. A country, like a man, is none the worse for a little of it. When a man incurs censure, he will, if wise, examine more closely the lines on which he is proceeding, and while he may decide not to vary his course in the least, yet he will make more sure of his footing in view of the opposition he has to meet. It would be strange if a country like Canada, so much spoken of, praised so much, should escape without attacks of the kind that Mr. Bottomley's paper directs against the country. As a people we must learn to take these things as they come. There is always a basis of truth in what a man's enemies say of him, and in the hostile article about Canada published on another page there is a basis of truth, although, of course, much distorted and exaggerated. A letter concerning this article was sent me by a Canadian student in England in which he says that he has encountered "a hostile feeling towards Colonials and especially Canadians" and that others have had the same experience. A great deal has been written in the Canadian and English press about the alleged dislike of people in this country for Englishmen, and we need not be surprised if some who read of this supposed prejudice begin to nourish an answering sentiment of unfriendliness. It would be regrettable but very human. As Canada grows more populous, prosperous and aggressive we shall hear more from the Horatio Bottomleys of England—and we should listen with equanimity.

There is a certain amount of truth in the censure heaped on Canada and the Canadians by Mr. Bottomley's paper. We do "hustle" over here and some of it is mere fuss and feverishness. We slap things together. But our critic does not know why. The explanation of it can be found in the fact that man is a sensible animal and makes use of his experience. In this country he has learned that there is no use in building a house so substantially that it will last a thousand years, when in ten or twenty-five years it is almost sure to be pulled down to make way for a railway line, or a factory, or a court-house. Even Toronto has changed the character of its down-town district almost completely in fifteen years. Where residences stood even a dozen years ago, great wholesale and manufacturing houses now stand. A new town may in ten years become a city, or some competitive point may draw its people away until it becomes a deserted village and the horseman riding through it may see no sign of life there except the caretaker's cow grazing knee deep on what was fondly designed to be the market square. There is constant change in a country like this. An infant town may start toddling on its way, and within three years the coming of a new railway may persuade the town to shift its base a few miles. People who live in an old and well-ordered kingdom like England cannot understand without an effort the very different conditions prevailing in a country like ours, where a new idea in a railway manager's head may exert an influence on our geography corresponding with the results of a mediaeval war in Europe. To speak again of Toronto. It is not unlikely that one of these days the whole city will be remolded and diagonal streets laid out from the centre, to the northwestern and northeastern limits. This reconstruction is possible because of the fact that the city of yesterday was built for yesterday, and not laboriously and mistakenly rivetted down for all time.

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IT is true, also, as the writer in Mr. Bottomley's paper says, that the man who settles in a shack five miles from a neighbor on the Western plains, leads an uninteresting life. Let us admit that he is far from the sound of the hurdy-gurdy; that he has little companionship but his own; that he works hard. But he should not be there unless he is prepared to pay for the fine property that will be his in time—and the way he must pay for it, if he is without capital, is by being a pioneer grain-grower on the unpeopled plains. If he has capital he can buy a farm in Ontario with neighbors on every side of him. If he wants land for nothing he must go further afield, and he may find solitary life in a shack on the plains a lonesome job—so lonesome, indeed, that one does not wonder that men so placed occasionally ride to town and stoke up the fires of life into a red glare for forty-eight hours, or so. But the writer in the English journal lays on the colors too freely. He is anxious to injure. His portraiture of Canada and Canadians is no more truthful than would be mine were I to describe England and Englishmen in the terms of a despatch from London dated December 28, which tells us that there are ninety-three ships lying idle in the Tyne and altogether in home and foreign ports nearly three hundred idle ships, while the closing of shipyards has sent thousands of men vainly searching for work. "Every night," says the despatch, "over a thousand homeless men assemble on the Thames embankment for tickets to the Salvation Army Shelters, but only half of these can be provided for and hundreds sleep out of doors in the winter weather."

While these statements are probably true enough they do not describe England. Nor does the article in Mr. Horatio Bottomley's paper truly describe Canada.

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RABBI KRAUSKOPF, of Philadelphia, has caused some stir by delivering a sermon in which he describes the prevalence of divorce in the United States as making for a higher morality among men. He quotes from the census returns to show that one marriage in every twelve results in a legal separation and that three-fourths of those who seek severance of the marital ties are women. He describes as prophets of ill those who lament this state of affairs, and argues that it is but the protest of womenkind against that looser morality among men which society has too long countenanced. "I see the day coming," he says, "when marriage will have a far different meaning from what it has now, when entrance to it will constitute a coveted privilege, not a convenience, or speculation, or diversion, when purity, not purse, will constitute the absolutely necessary pre-requisite, when all the honor that is now demanded of women will be demanded of men, when a lack of it in man will constitute as much of a bar to marriage, or to continuance in it as a lack of it now contributes a bar to woman."

This is quite a hopeful forward look, but some of us will have difficulty in working up an optimism in this matter equal to that of Rabbi Krauskopf. Those who can believe that any large proportion of the divorces in the United States are due to an unflinching demand on the part of women for a higher morality among men than men elsewhere practice, or in earlier generations practiced, will extract much comfort from the thought. But many will deny that the prevalence of divorce has any effect at all in warning men against loose living. They will argue instead that it appears to make loose living more prevalent, and not only with men, but women as well. In altogether too many cases of divorce it is difficult to avoid the belief that both husband and wife had other marriage arrangements in mind before securing legal release from each other. In most countries divorce by collusion is guarded against—in some parts of the United States every convenience for it seems to be supplied. In fact the marriage of two individuals, instead of being deemed indissoluble, is almost coming to be regarded as the private concern of the contracting parties, and terminable at their desire, without fuss or publicity, where they are in agreement. "Scenes" are to be expected only where one seeks a divorce which the other declines to assent to. If divorce were granted only to wronged and indignant persons anxious to escape from a degrading bondage to partners whose lives were evil, there might be much in what the Rabbi says, but unfortunately, there is good reason to believe that a huge percentage of divorces in the United States are secured by persons whose regard for morality is not excessive. They find marriage a contract into which they may lightly enter, for release is cheap and easy, should occasion present itself for entering into a second and more desirable contract of the same nature, and while very few, perhaps, ever actually confess to themselves that they regard the divorce court as a remedy in reserve should they marry rashly, yet it is there, it can be resorted to, and its influence must be to decrease the seriousness of the marriage contract. If one marriage in every twelve is dissolved in the courts, the possibility of this ending must hang, more or less, over every wedding feast.

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WE have it on the word of Dr. Hodgetts that the Vaccination Act in Ontario is almost entirely disregarded by municipalities, with the result that smallpox is prevalent in a great many districts. In a report to the Provincial Board of Health, Dr. Hodgetts declares that the evasion of duty by municipal councils is responsible for the presence of the disease in many places where business is crippled and anxiety created, and he warns communities everywhere if they want to rid themselves of smallpox and keep it away, they must avail themselves of the only known remedy, vaccination and re-vaccination. In other words, the Act, he says, must be enforced.

But it isn't enforced. It has not been enforced. Will it ever be?

That a municipal council is not a competent body to enforce such an act, should be pretty well shown by now. Where there is a local prejudice against vaccination the act will not be enforced; if there is resistence it will not be overcome. If vaccination is the important matter that the Provincial Board of Health claims—and I believe that it is—why should not the province use its authority and enforce the act everywhere as only the provincial authority can? At present one municipality may do its duty while the next does not. In one city or town there is compulsory vaccination of school children, in the next there is not. In one city there is compulsory vaccination of Public School children, but not of Separate School children. The situation is absurd.

If we want to stamp out smallpox it will be done when the province undertakes the entire work and not before. It frequently happens that a municipality on learning that a stranger has carried smallpox to the town, will chase him away regardless of the fact that by so doing they may be spreading the disease in several directions. The interest of the town is to get rid of him on the instant; the interest of the province would be served if the town would at once quarantine and care for him. Why should not the province *pay?* There are cases on record where small towns were put to an expense of thousands of dollars because of the arrival of patients who had never set foot in those places before, but conscientious men saw to it that those towns did their duty to society. There are other cases where patients were hurried away and towns saved heavy bills of expense. It may be quite true that it is a town's duty, on the arrival of a stranger infected with smallpox, to detain and care for him, rather than let him travel on and infect half a dozen other places, but local residents always declare it to be unjust that a stranger should drop in on them, put them to great expense, drive trade from the town and subject the inhabitants to infection. It is unjust. There appears to be no thorough way of dealing with the whole question except for the province to take complete control, enforcing vaccination everywhere and assuming the costs that now fall on municipalities—particularly in all cases where the patient is a non-resident. It were better that the province did the work than that it should not be done.

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NOT long ago The Toronto World offered a few hints to Hon. A. G. McKay, leader of the Liberal party in Ontario provincial politics. Among other suggestions Mr. McKay was advised not to accept a salary as leader of the Opposition nor allow himself to be "grub-staked" by means of a fund collected from privilege seeking interests. On this point The Windsor Record replies that Mr. McKay is not likely to err, "seeing that, even where he venal, as he isn't, he has no goods to deliver in return. Corporation grub-staking will be done where it will do the most good, to the right of the Speaker." In other words, The Record says, it is Governments and not Oppositions that need to guard against improper influences. This may have been true at one time, but at present there is a widely spread belief that the art of getting what's wanted from Legislatures and Parliaments has been so highly developed within recent years, especially in the neighboring Republic, that the skilled negotiator, or promotor, or lobbyist or whatever the gentleman prefers to be called, would no longer dream of expecting the leader of a Government to publicly commit himself to a questionable bill, subsidy, grant or anything of that sort, until he has received unmistakeable assurances that the Opposition is in line, can be relied on, and will not oppose, or will strictly confine opposition to certain carefully specified details of no real consequence to anybody.

It has been said that at times public bodies in Pennsylvania and in Texas have been known to put up sham-fights over bits of legislation in regard to which there was a great deal of public interest—there being a pre-arrangement of forces and a dealing out in advance of blank cartridges to the opposing troops, so that there could be all the smoke and noise of battle yet no bungling of the result.

If an improper bill is to be put through any house of representatives, it is quite as necessary to chloroform the Opposition as to hypnotize the Ministry. Hon. A. G. McKay may not be in need of advice from the press, but, at any rate, he should not be misled by the suggestion that designing persons direct their attentions only to those who sit at the right of the Speaker.

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AT the present time of writing the voting has not as yet taken place in Toronto on the question of license reduction. As this journal sees it, the question is not between the liquor trade and the prohibitionists, not between temperance and intemperance, but between practical and impractical people. In theory it may seem well to reduce the number of licenses in a city like Toronto, in practice the attempt but starts a fight that will play the mischief with municipal politics for years to come. A city like this does not want either the liquor trade or the blue ribbon people to own the town and play the mischief with it. Toronto is too great a city to be toyed with by extremists of one sort or the other, and the City Council should not pass into the hands of either party. If this by-law carries a reminder will be published on this page five years hence that this journal protested against the course taken. If the by-law meets with defeat, we shall endeavor to suggest to the Ontario Government and the license commissioners some much wiser measures than the arbitrary cutting off of forty licenses.

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IN a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT some consideration was given to the question of Canada's relation to the defense of the Empire, and a reader of this journal in Orillia who heard an address given before the Canadian Club in that place by Mr. Frederick Hamilton, the well-known Ottawa correspondent of The Toronto

GATHERING FIREWOOD IN THE FAR NORTH

News, who served in South Africa as the war correspondent of The Toronto Globe, has sent me a printed copy of the address in question, from which it seems advisible to reproduce this part. Mr. Hamilton said:

Recently the attitude of the Admiralty has changed. Australia has led the way. After trying one or two other plans, she made trial of this method of paying the Admiralty, and she did not like it. A committee of British naval officers, employed by Australia finally, a year or two ago, drew up a scheme for an Australian navy of torpedo craft. As the whole episode is very instructive, as Australia has thought this matter out for the rest of the Empire, I shall discuss it at some length. First of all, a committee of naval officers, trained in the Royal Navy but employed by Australia, put forward a scheme for a torpedo defense for Australian coasts. Their plan, as finally presented, is that the Commonwealth should build up a force of twenty-four torpedo vessels—ocean-going destroyers, "coastal" destroyers, and torpedo boats—with a force of about 900 permanent and 1,100 militia sailors. The cost, spread over seven years, was to be about $11,000,000. The annual expenditure, on capital account and maintenance, when all was provided, was to be about $2,000,00.

The Australian scheme was reported on by the Committee of Imperial Defence—which in this case means the spokesmen of the Admiralty—in May, 1906. This report rejected the Australian proposal, on the old-established Admiralty lines I have indicated. The Australian naval officers, in September, 1906, made an extremely energetic rejoinder, which we may study. First of all, the Admiralty spokesmen and the Australians both went on the assumption that Australia might be visited by a raiding force of three or four small unarmored cruisers. "With a view to impairing our measures of concentration in war," the Admiralty spokesmen wrote, "and inducing us to weaken our main fleets, the enemy may endeavor to create a widespread feeling of insecurity and alarm throughout the Empire by utilizing such classes of vessels as are unfitted for taking part in the decisive actions in raiding our seaborne trade and threatening distant portions of the Empire." One thing which the Australians pointed out was that if such a raiding squadron got off the Australian coast, and if the coast had no local torpedo flotilla, the whole seaborne trade would be paralyzed. There would be no defense beyond the range of such guns as might be mounted on shore. "The lack of any means of obtaining accurate information would dislocate traffic at any point within the position of the enemy. A cruiser not seen or heard of for five days might be anywhere within a five days' steaming radius, and affect traffic for 1,200 or 1,500 miles on either side of her last known position." A destroyer, you see, could steam out, look for the raider, and notify the authorities as to her whereabouts. In the absence of such scouting, the uncertainty would tie ships up, and commerce if "pent up and idle in harbour" "ceases to be commerce." Again, the Australian naval officers enumerated the benefits to be derived from the presence of a torpedo flotilla on our coasts. A destroyer service would be: 1. The most powerful auxiliary to the fleet stationed in Australia; 2. An effective substitute when the fleet is absent; 3. It prevents blockade; 4. It compels attacks on ports to be in daylight, when the land defense can most effectively reply; 5. It compels hostile cruisers to retreat beyond striking distance of destroyers; 6. It keeps touch with an enemy, communicates intelligence, and so prevents unnecessary cessation of traffic; 7. It is the greatest determent to any landing operations near our ports; 8. It keeps cruisers off coastal tracks; 9. It enforces continual night watchfulness on an enemy to a degree that could not be endured for any length of time.

It is all very well to sidestep an issue such as that raised by Mr. Hamilton, but eventually we shall have to deal with it.

MACK.

Social Alliance Bureau.

THE following advertisement appeared recently in a fashionable London morning newspaper:

"Ladies of independent means are invited to communicate in confidence with titled woman, with a view to a certain social alliance."

A reporter answered the advertisement, and on pledging himself to keep secret all names and addresses was allowed to penetrate into the headquarters of this Social Alliance Bureau. He found it (says the London correspondent of The New York Sun) in a fashionable street. Outwardly it is an ordinary, well-to-do West End private house, its doors bristling with the shining plates of fashionable doctors.

Here in a spacious suite of rooms he met the business manager, whom he describes as a pleasant, eager-faced, vivacious, gray-haired lady. She assured him that the idea was succeeding beyond all expectations. She herself was the business manager for her friend and partner, the lady of title.

"I call myself a professional diplomatist," said she. "Of course, I am well-known now and people know that they can thoroughly trust me.

"I made diplomatic commissions pay very well for a long time, then a little while ago came the idea for a sort of fashionable and aristocratic matrimonial bureau. Of course it could not have the outward attributes of the ordinary matrimonial agencies and everything would depend on the utmost tact. We inserted one little advertisement, and directly fashionable people knew with whom they were communicating letters simply inundated us.

"Our customers rise even above the peerage. One of our clients is the cousin of a most exalted personage."

As to the method of operation it is the business manager's custom when a man writes to go and look him over so as to see whom he would be likely to suit. If he is judged to be impossible he is told so at once. There are no entrance fees and the question of payment is one of the most tactful parts of the business.

"After all," said the manager, "it is only what has been done scratchily throughout society for years past. We have simply attempted to organize it properly."

THE Dominion Parliament meets in the third week of January, and it is expected that the Ontario Legislature will meet in February.

THERE is this difference between the beaten Democrats in the United States and the beaten Conservatives in Canada. The Democrats are in need of new leadership; the Conservatives are in need of leadership.

Sophistry.

By L. G. NORRIS.

WHY dream of the "might have been,"
Why dwell on the years that are past?
Our lives are mapped by the hand of chance,
In our cradle the die is cast.

Why dream of the "might have been,"
Why burden our souls with regret?
We can only be what we're meant to be,
And must follow the path Fate set.

Why dream of the "might have been,"
Why mourn o'er the chances we've lost?
Man's only a straw on a restless sea,
Just hither and thither tossed.

Sophistry, sophistry all of it,
Man's life is NOT governed by chance,
He may always be what he wants to be,
Can always do as he wants,
If he be true to his higher self,
Keeping his conscience clean,
He need not regret the years that are past
Nor mourn for the "might have been."

Montreal, December 31, '08.

BIOGRAPHY IN CAPSULE

No. 9.

I. L. L. REFORM was born a few thousand years anterior to the palæzoic period, in the days when the law of the gnarled club took the place of the present rule of the trusts. Ever since that time this gentleman meets himself on January 1 of each new year, and there and then tickles his soul, strengthens his lungs and weakens his intellect, with a series of resolves.

These soul-rending resolutions played their part up to the time that the Gregorian calendar was adopted. At the present time they have precisely 1-365th part of a real chance of ever being carried out. Being made on January 1, they simmer till January 10, begin to get stale on January 31, and are dry and fall to pieces of themselves middle of February. That's how I. L. L. Reform found it long before the local authorities made a close season for the ichthyosaurus, and the shale of his human nature exists to-day in petrified form in the heads of his descendants. It used to take a very heavy blow to penetrate this brain box of his, and an ordinary January 1 resolve of this date impinging on a case-hardened helmet, resembles a split pea attempting to shatter a sheet of steel.

I. L. L. Reform is little heard of nowadays before he reaches his twentieth anniversary. About that age he begins to find that the cartilage of his moral structure is beginning to lose its pristine elasticity, and he thinks it's up to him to throw in a little more carbohydrates to maintain malleability. Not, he thinks, that it really matters at twenty, for there'll be lots of time when he gets older.

At this age, it takes young I. L. L. Reform about six months to lose the edge of his resolves, but by the time he is twenty-five he can do it in shorter time. He is not very mathematical at this stage, and it troubles him to find that the temptations and stress of 364 days is sufficient to grind to an impalpable powder, a few resolves launched in a day.

With increasing years I. L. L. Reform begins to spell his name to himself in larger letters denoting an increased determination, and when he's reached forty he signs himself in his own mental diary I. L. L. Reform (?) meanwhile, however, going right ahead with the annual practice. A little opium doesn't hurt anyone, but when one takes a little, one wants more. Similarly, I. L. L. Reform finds that a few resolutions do him a lot of good. For two or three days after he forbears to kick the furnace when it refuses to burn, with him in a hurry to get down town. With his resolves still virile, he smiles sweetly and proclaims:

"Dear old furnace, we have been friends for long. If you do not respond to my shake, shall I swat you near the firebox? Never. Burn on. The fault is mine, not your's," or words to that effect. And he ascends from the cellar wiser and better, and sings as he uses half a cake of soap.

But I. L. L. Reform gets a few world biffs down town that day, and when he comes home at night and finds the furnace still an obstructionist, there is a short, tense struggle between his resolves and his human nature. The latter wins within the time limit, and I. L. L. Reform lambastes his own furnace with his own shovel and the rest of the year is his old self.

Finally I. L. L. Reform screws up his courage, takes down the files of his annual records, and starts in to hit off a trial balance.

The result staggers him. He finds that "resolves" as capital has been wiped out, and there is no reserve of "performance" to make the statement look any better. But, being a clever manipulator, I. L. L. Reform writes off the whole thing, adjudges himself pretty near a moral bankrupt, and when the next January 1 comes round:

"Resolves to cut out resolutions, but to endeavor to resolve the rest of my career into such shape that in the end my family, my relations and my friends can say with some semblance of truth, 'he wasn't bad, as they go.'"

SOME railway building activities of the early future will, it is said, be a line the C.P.R. will run from Sudbury to the new mining fields at Gowganda; a line to be built by the Canadian Northern between Sudbury and Port Arthur, and a line by the same company north from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing.

A Long Felt Requirement.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: Dear Sir,—Permit a few lines to bring before the attention of your readers a long-felt want in this new and growing country for such as are not yet proper subjects for hospitals and sanitariums. Many persons who have not yet, may in a short time, be forced to seek the relief of these institutions if their incipient ailments are not arrested. There are in Britain and on the Continent many institutions known as "Hydros," where those feeling the symptoms of approaching disorder or having worn down constitutions may retire at will any time in order to recuperate. These "Hydros" are favorably located in regard to scenery, pure air and water. With strict regulations and proper regimen under the skilful attendance of trained nurses, enfeebled constitutions are built up and impaired health restored before chronic conditions ensue with attendant results. These "Hydros" are largely patronized by the upper classes. Baden-Baden, on the Continent, a famous watering place, is patronized by European Royalty taking advantage of such shelters as a temporary retreat from society's luxurious demands. Such institutions, if introduced here would afford a pleasant asylum for temporary relief from business cares, over-study, etc., where a jaded constitution could recuperate. The quiet and orderly management of "Hydros" afford a pleasant retirement for such as are afflicted with nervous complaints, and under the attention of trained nurses rheumatic guests and others suffering from similar complications, experience great relief.

Thanking you in anticipation of your bringing this subject before the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, Yours, etc.

READER.

The Incivility of the Needy.

TORONTO, Dec. 28.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: May I ask you the favor of inserting these few lines in your highly esteemed paper? Just now, when there is such an urgent need of employment, there is one important factor, as regards employing extra help in private houses to relieve distress, which I think has never been considered, and is a subject on which our clergy and all labor bureaus should be urged to speak strongly, and that is the absolute need on the part of the unemployed of being obliging and civil. To a certain extent, I take an active part in the relief of the poor and I have made many attempts to give employment, and in the latter cases I have found, the more or less destitute utterly oblivious to the fact that in making work the employer confers the favor on them, and not they on the employer. In my endeavors to get other householders to give work, I receive always the answer that really these people are so exacting, touchy and ready to fly off at a moment's notice, that they would rather do any extra work themselves and give their charity in money or goods, but would rather not combine charity and labor. My own last effort in that direction was so unfortunate, I certainly shall never attempt it again.

In these days of grandmotherly legislation, when we try to make people sober and moral by act of Parliament, surely someone might try to make people polite.

I do not wish you for one moment to think that I despise the poor. I was brought up in a home where incivility to a servant was an unpardonable offence and I still consider it so, but I equally believe in civility and consideration from those who serve, and I feel sure, half of those in need of work, would be supplied and keep their work were they only to try to be obliging, willing and considerate. In private houses one so often hears, "Oh, I would not keep Sarah Jane a day, she is so stupid, but she is so civil and honest and obliging, I really cannot let her go." I have had Sarah Janes in my employ, who still have a warm place in my heart for all their stupidity. I enclose my card and beg to remain your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

Esperanto and Freak Costumes.

ORILLIA, Dec. 26.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: When two pictures, such as you reproduced December 26, are labelled, "The Esperantists," Esperanto puts up a fervent prayer to be saved from its friends. Dr. Carl Hoffender, who seems responsible for these terrifying apparitions, has laid himself open to such a roasting by Esperantists in general as will make him sicker than Dr. Osler was of his chloroform.

For twenty years Esperantists have patiently explained that the language Esperanto eliminates nationality, and will never be used except as a neutral international speech. The Canadian farmer can rest easy in his present costume, so much more beautiful than any European could invent, and boss the hired man in his native Canadian, whose expressiveness no artificial language could dream of imitating. Esperantists are quite satisfied with the magnificent field of opportunity opening out for Esperanto in European affairs—commercial, scientific and political—without worrying themselves about any bulbous fairyland in Moresnet Neutrale.

Yours truly, R. M. CHASE.

Juvenile Smoking in England.

A LONDON newspaper correspondent writes:

Smokers and non-smokers in the House of Commons immediately on its reassembling last week found themselves engaged in paternal discussion on the question of juvenile cigarette smoking. By the children's protection bill now under consideration it is sought to make the practice a criminal offence if indulged in by any boy or girl under the age of 16, and children seen buying cigarettes are to incur immediate punishment.

The bill has raised a good deal of opposition. Its adversaries hold that it is grandmotherly legislation of the worst kind; that it is the duty of parents to watch over the health of their children and that to take away this responsibility and relegate it to the police is to cut at the root of family life. On the other hand, the bill is ludicrously incomplete inasmuch as it makes no mention of the smoking of cigars and pipes by boys, or what is still more pernicious, the smoking of brown paper and cane chair seats.

Apart from this, legislation, as Lord Robert Cecil observed, will not stop a boy from smoking any more than an orchard wall will stop him from getting at the farmer's apples. "It is doubtful," he added, "whether cigarette smoking is worse for children than keeping them up late at night or letting them eat too many sweets, although nobody proposes to make either of these a criminal offence."

Sir Frederick Banbury, a London member, said that he smoked while at school because if he was found out he would be flogged, and therefore it was the correct thing to smoke.

Jesse Collings of Birmingham spoke of the immense good done to the poorer classes by smoking; it cemented friendships and passed away many dull hours. The bill, he said, was a revival of the old Puritan regime. It was nothing else than tyranny, he said, and England would grow a nation of mollycoddles.

But in spite of all this and more oratory on similar lines the motion to refer the smoking clauses back was defeated by 164 to 44.

SAYS The Dominion, of Ridgetown (Ont.): The Eye-Opener has been barred from the mails, and in many places an attempt is being made to bar the males from the eye-opener.

Saturday Night hopes that every Toronto reader who is in doubt on the subject will accept its advice and vote for the Hospital by-law.

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$8.50 pays transportation, board and baths for week-end visit to "THE WELLAND," St. Catharines. Leave Toronto 4 p.m. Saturday, arrive Toronto 10 a.m. Monday. Apply G.T. Ry. office, City.

"Men worry more than women." "Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that women have, but they also have the women to worry about, too."—Smart Set.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day. Mrs. Wicks—H'm! What was it you caught him doing?—Boston Transcript.

She—You make love like an amateur. *He*—That is where the art comes in.—Life.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

TORONTO, Dec. 31.

THE chief characteristic of the security markets in Canada during 1908 was the preference shown for investments of a high order. Safety, with a moderate return on capital, was sought for, rather than a speculative security which yielded a high revenue. There was no dearth of such offerings, and on the whole they have been well absorbed. It was feared at one time that the supply would greatly overbalance the demand, but the manner in which they were taken up proves that British capital, as well as United States capital, does not lack faith in Canadian institutions. It is rather unusual that New York investors should interest themselves in our securities, but of late they have taken quite a lot of our municipal bonds. The absorption of these issues by domestic capital has also been very great, and prices have shown quite an advance. This is due chiefly to the large supplies of money in the domestic markets, and the unusually low rates.

***

Our Large Reserves.

There has not been any considerable improvement in general business here, but the tendency is towards betterment. Naturally, it is slow, as for a period of a couple of years before 1907, the credits of our banks were overstrained. Bankers have strengthened their cash resources by the liquidation of long-dated loans, and the unusual amount of cash at their disposal makes it necessary for them to take advantage of any rise in call money rates. The recent advance in rates in New York consequently accounts for the unusual supply of Canadian funds at that centre. Call loans in New York and London amount to $85,220,000, while the agencies of our banks in New York owe head-offices here $36,990,000, a total of $122,210,000. Our banking institutions also hold United States railway and industrial bonds to the extent of some $40,000,000. It is evident there are nearly $125,000,000 of funds at the command of Canadian banks in London and New York, or an increase of $70,000,000 in the past six months. The course of the banking reserves in Canada since midsummer offers a remarkable contrast to the course taken by the New York city banks' reserves. Early in August the latter had surplus reserves of over $60,000,000, but they steadily declined week by week until last week it was necessary to transfer some $40,000,000 in loans to outside institutions to obviate the wiping out of the entire surplus. In Canada, on the other hand, the cash reserves have gone in exactly the contrary direction. Each month saw them get bigger and bigger. Counting in specie, legals and "calls" on New York and London, the percentage of reserve on July 31 was 25.33; by November 30 it had increased to 29.75.

The reasons such large sums have been placed at the disposal of New York and London are because of the restriction in trade and the cautiousness on the part of Canadian bankers. Mercantile and industrial borrowers are not using anything like their customary lines of credit; and the bankers do not consider call loans in Montreal and Toronto to be equal to call loans in New York and London for bank reserve purposes. That is one reason why Canadian call loan rates remain higher than those in London and New York. There does not appear to be much present prospect of the Canadian loans and balances being required in the Dominion. But around about May, 1909, if the mercantile demand for it awakens, as it usually does, the New York market may be drawn upon for funds.

***

Stocks.

While a good deal of disappointment has been expressed at the quiet business in Toronto speculative circles, nevertheless the volume in 1908 was greater than in 1907. The outside public have not been drawn into the market, but the investment demand has absorbed large quantities of securities. Thus, the floating supply has been reduced; and this fact, as well as the comparatively cheap money, accounts for the great appreciation in values for the year just closed. The advances in prices have been even greater than many conservative capitalists had reason to expect. Canadian Pacific, for instance, has made a gain of $25 per share, as compared with a year ago; and Winnipeg Electric, although failing to maintain its high price, is 40 points higher than twelve months ago. Toronto Railway has done well by its holders, the price having advanced $14 a share. Twin City has been a little disappointing, and shows a gain of only 10 points for the year. Mackay common has not done badly, with its gain of 22 points, while the preferred stock rose 10. Toronto Electric has risen 15, and General Electric 12 points for the year. The South Americans did specially well in 1908; Sao Paulo is 43 higher, Rio de Janeiro 43 higher and Mexican L. & P. 25 1-2 higher. Consumers' Gas gained 15, and Lake of the Woods 27 points. Loan Company securities show quite an upward movement. Among the active ones, Canada Permanent Mortgage advanced 30 points for the year, Canada Landed 13, London & Canadian Loan 10, and Toronto Mortgage 10 points. Bank stocks are also much higher than a year ago. Dominion has risen 26 points, Imperial 20, Hamilton 18, Toronto 17, Commerce 10, Traders 14.

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Wall Street.

New York banks have effectively curbed the mania for speculative borrowing, as a reduction of $62,000,000 in loans and $85,000,000 in deposits during the last fortnight clearly shows, so that the supply of funds for legitimate purposes will be adequate. Interest rates will probably advance this week, but no flurry is expected. The stock market, as distinct from the bond market, is vulnerable and may be submitted to moderate pressure, a development that would be neither unhealthy nor unwelcome as it is now conceded that Wall Street carried its optimism—rather, its bullish operations—to lengths not justified by conditions elsewhere. The valiant efforts put forth to maintain prices suggest that the wealthy manipulators have not given up hope of alluring the public into the market at high levels after the New Year when cheap money will again be in their favor, yet if none of the highly encouraging developments glibly promised actually occurs, the resultant disappointment may make itself felt in the securities of doubtful investment value that have been brought to the front and boomed by pools. The best bankers would regret a runaway market no matter how plethoric money may become; a setback in the questionable stocks would be of service in tempering speculative enthusiasm. The output of new securities—bonds, notes and stocks—this year has reached the extraordinary total of $1,419,799,371, an increase of $25,886,071 over 1907; new capital to a gross amount of $2,189,958,672 ($87,406,672 more than in the previous year) has been authorized by railroad, traction and industrial corporations, but the whole has not been offered for subscription.

***

New Towns.

A Winnipeg article in The London Financial Times says: "The feature of railroad extension in Canada, which exceeds that in the United States, is the elaborate plans to settle the new regions as soon as transportation facilities are given. On the Grand Trunk Pacific west from Winnipeg to the Rockies, 960 miles, 120 towns are to be located during the next year, eight miles apart, and on the mountain division to Prince Rupert on the Pacific, 35 new towns will be plotted and named. On the Canadian Northern 30 towns are to be created, and on Canadian Pacific 35, a total of 220 towns in a single year. While 60,000 settlers from the United States entered Northwest Canada in 1907, 1908 will have shown a large increase. The idea of creating so many towns is to provide centres from which immigrants can proceed into the new territory, also to furnish marketing points for their products. It is expected that many of the towns on the Grand Trunk Pacific will, within five years, show 500 to 5,000 people each. On a 160-mile Canadian Northern branch in 1902 there were three settlers; to-day there are 10 towns of a population of 10,000, besides 20,000 settlers scattered along the line.

***

Large Exports.

The trade returns of Canada last month were most satisfactory. They show that we sold abroad much more than we purchased outside the country. In November, for instance, our exports exceeded our imports by $6,965,875, a record comparison. The exports for the month amounted in value to $31,672,224, an increase of $8,509,333 as compared with November, 1907, while our imports were only $24,706,349, or a decrease of $7,859,622 as compared with November of last year. It will be remembered that imports for the first six months of the current fiscal year showed a falling-off of about 28 1-2 per cent. from last year's record; for the month of October, the decrease was reduced to 16 1-2 per cent.; November, however, brought a decrease of 24 per cent. from the corresponding 1907 showing. It would seem, therefore, as though October had brought considerable replenishing of stocks of merchandise, that had been allowed to run low during months of acute trade recession.

***

Railway Building.

Railway building in Canada during 1908 showed an increase as compared with the previous year. According to the Railway Age Gazette, there were 1,248 miles of new tracks built as against 976 miles in 1907, an increase of 21.7 per cent. Quite the reverse took place across the border. The record of new main track laid during the year just closed showed a substantial decrease. In 1907, according to the best obtainable statistics gathered from all the railway companies in the United States, approximately 5,212 miles of new main track were laid, while a similar record for 1908 shows 3,214 miles, a decrease of 1,998 miles, or 38.3 per cent. The 1908 record is the smallest since 1904, when 3,832 miles were laid. The mileage built in 1904 showed a falling off of 1,820 miles, or 32.2 per cent. from 1903. It is rather interesting to note that for each fifth year since 1893 the mileage record has been a little over 3,000 miles. In 1894 there were 1,760 miles of new main track laid, a decrease of 1,264 miles, or 41.7 per cent. from the mileage built in 1893. This parallels closely the percentage of decrease this year. Not until 1898, when 3,265 miles were laid, did the record again reach that of 1893, showing a drag of five years following that panic.

***

Toronto stockbrokers (says The Monetary Times) were whooping life into a Christmas tree the other day. Twelve months ago, they vowed to bury their usual celebrations. No boyish men were there. They quietly left the floor. The spirit of panic and the ghost of depression glaring from the blackboard's figures. This year, it was different. The last sales were made with a few joke crackers thrown in. The causes for the change have been divers. The outlook is brighter. Cobalt, too, has given the nimble-fingered boys much additional chalk work. All things considered, there was room for a few cheers and numerical yells.

THE BANK CLERK'S CHRISTMAS.
"Figgerin' up Int'rest."

BANK OF HAMILTON

Capital and Reserve totalling $5,000,000, and Total Assets of over Thirty Million Dollars, furnish the best reference for the Bank of Hamilton in soliciting your account.

TORONTO: 34 Yonge St.
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THE BANK OF OTTAWA

Solicits your Savings Account. Highest current rate of interest paid four times a year. A deposit of $1.00 or upwards starts an account.

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NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this Bank will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on Wednesday the 10th day of February next at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the election of Directors and for other business.

By order of the Board,

R. CAMPBELL,
Acting General Manager.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2, 1909.

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

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$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

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Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,241,532.26

The Royal Bank of Canada
INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Authorized - - - -	$10,000,000
Capital Paid Up - - - - -	3,900,000
Reserve Fund - - - - -	4,390,000

Branches of this Bank have recently been opened at Cobalt, Oshawa, Elk Lake, Montreal River District, Tillsonburg, Ont. and Dundas St., near Lynd Avenue, Toronto.

RAILWAY men—conductors, engineers, and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In this connection a Western railway official tells of an amusing incident in a part of the country where it is so common for cattle to be run over that the manager of one "jerk-water" line required his engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and circumstance.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but reference to the files showed that the engineer had failed to report such an accident. Accordingly he was sent for and asked why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he said.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet for me to go ahead, and so I concluded she was all right."

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—Boston Transcript.

A woman can soon convince a man that he isn't too old to learn.—Life.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 74

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Monday, the 1st day of February next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th January, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 23rd December, 1908.

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

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Our stock of cheese comprises almost every known kind at various seasons, and is always fresh and in prime condition.

Many countries contribute to the completeness of our selection. For instance we get from

England

The favorite prime old English Stilton cheese, and, at times, Gloucester, Cheshire and Cheddar.

France

Genuine Societe Roquefort, of the finest quality; also Camembert, and other small fancy cheese.

Italy

Gorgonzola—a rich cheese—second only to English Stilton in general flavor.

Switzerland

Gruyere—known also as Swiss cheese.

Holland

Edam—or round, red Dutch cheese.

Canada and the United States

Each contribute worthily—one Canadian cheese in particular, "MacLaren's Imperial," being entitled to the highest commendation.

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7 KING ST. WEST
Established 1835

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"Yes," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I have succeeded in life, and by the hardest kind of work." "You don't look as if you had much personal experience with hard work." "Of course not. I hired it done."—Washington Star.

Mother—Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you? Johnnie—No, mamma; but she is so fearfully good. I simply can't stand her.—Fun.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, December 29, 1908.

CHRISTMAS with its Santa Claus, mistletoe, toy-markets and gastric indiscretions is over, and New York is waiting on tip-toe for the New Year. The customary vociferous welcome awaits this event on Thursday night unless some Providence or other, in the form of a blizzard, prehistoric deluge or earthquake intervenes. Barring these, Gotham's noisy populace will hold high carnival on the streets that night, tooting horns, scattering confetti and making night generally hideous.

The hotels and cafes have made the usual elaborate preparations for the inner happiness of the throng, and some interesting novelties for the entertainment of their guests are promised. Only those who have engaged tables weeks ahead, however, may hope to share in these festivities. The Waldorf, for instance, has made 2,750 reservations, and to accommodate these—for the most part regular patrons—foyers and private dining-rooms will have to be pressed into service. Quite as many more applications, it is said, have had to be declined. This is only one example. The ultra-fashionable Hotel Plaza, the St. Regis, the Manhattan, Delmonico's, Sherry's, the Knickerbocker, Astor, and other popular eating places, will likewise be taxed to capacity. New Year's Eve is New York's night of unrestrained festivity and convivial overflow.

* * *

THE business acumen of the world's entertainers—among whom may as well be included actors, singers, writers, humorists, *et al*—is not usually rated very high The fact of being engaged in the comparatively frivolous occupation of entertaining their fellowmen instead of the serious pursuit of doing them, seems an *ipso facto* argument against any other theory. Notable examples could no doubt be found in plenty to confirm the argument and once in a while a notable exception comes along as if to prove the rule.

A very recent exception, for instance, is the thrifty Harry Lauder, who has probably told you already the story of the Scotchman who was identified by his accent and the fact that he "didna spond onything nether." New York has a tradition that Harry spends nothing himself except for board; carefully sending all but ten dollars of his weekly salary of three thousand home to Bonnie Scotland, where they are said to know the value of money. I notice, too, that the Press Club was put off with the same conscientious scruple about a contract that was worked here when his entertainers called for a song.

But the "exception" I have particularly in mind is the genial humorist of this American commonwealth, Mark Twain. In justice, however, to Mr. Clemens, as he is known in private life, he cannot be described as close—at least not in the Scotchmen's class—and his white flannel suit is standing proof of personal habits of extravagance. In Scotch attire, as he would tell you, he might have saved millions on laundry alone. He has worked hard and sometimes worked the public hard, and the reward of his industry, judiciously invested, is an assured competence for himself and for a generation or two to come. An important source of revenue is the royalties on his books, on some of which copyright has almost expired. Prospects of piratical attacks on his property are said to have worried the author for some time. This worry prudently invested in legal advice has finally evolved a plan for the incorporation of the famous pen name.

The Mark Twain Company is capitalized for the nominal sum of $5,000, and its purpose, as set forth in the articles of incorporation, is to secure to the author and his family all rights in the nom de plume. This plan, it is thought, will enable Mr. Clemens's heirs to enjoin perpetually the publication of all the Mark Twain books not authorized by the Mark Twain Company, even after the twenty-first year and ten-year secondary copyright have expired.

* * *

THE State has rested its case for the time in the Hains trial, and the hand of the defence will be exposed this week. That it will be an ingenious defence may be taken for granted, although from the rulings of Judge Crane up to this point he is apparently determined that the main question of guilt or innocence is not to be confused by clever legal subtleties. His conduct of the trial has been exemplary from the beginning. His attitude is businesslike and matter-of-fact. Theatricalism and anything approaching the sensational are rigidly excluded. If the line of questioning is not direct enough to suit him he takes the witness in hand himself. His rulings are outspoken, even blunt at times, and he shows no apparent interest in the carefully prepared but trivial objections of contending counsel.

Had similar conduct marked the first Thaw trial we might have been spared the second with its farcial conclusion. The defence as outlined by counsel's address is that defendant merely protected his brother from attack—that the meeting with Annis was purely accidental, and that the shooting was done before he could interfere.

* * *

HAD Diogenes's search taken him to Brooklyn last week, the famous cynic might there have found the honest man he is said to have been looking for. The case is worth the rays of his lantern for a moment. One of the receivers appointed by the court to liquidate the affairs of the Brooklyn Bank, which closed its doors a year ago, has just returned four thousand dollars of the fees apportioned him by the court, on the ground that the apportionment was excessive. He has also taken occasion to severely criticise the entire receivership, characterizing it as a system by which depositors and shareholders were milked for the benefit of grafters. In the arraignment are included the Attorney-General, a judge of the Supreme Court, counsel and the other receiver, who are all accused of friendly action; the lawyers, for instance, drawing $22,000 as their share of the spoil, whereas the protesting receiver estimates their earnings at $3,500.

* * *

MAYOR McCLELLAN'S prompt action in regard to moving picture shows was as vigorous as it was unexpected. A certain number of clergymen and others interested in Sabbath observance and general morality protested in a body against the Sunday opening of these places of amusement. As a result the Mayor promptly revoked all the licenses of the five-cent shows, 550 in number, on the ostensible ground of inadequate fire protection. These licenses will be reissued only on the understanding that all requirements of the by-law are complied with; that nothing of an improper character will be shown, and that the places will be closed tight on Sunday. The Mayor has, at the same time, directed the Police Commissioner to see that the Sunday laws in regard to vaudeville playhouses are not being violated, and to avoid misunderstanding a copy of the by-law has been handed to every vaudeville manager in the city. The following public performances are forbidden:

1. The performance of any tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, or farce or any part thereof.
2. Negro minstrelsy.
3. Any dancing (dancing by persons who are not performers and which forms no part of any exhibition, but which is merely for the pleasure of the participants, as in the case of a ball given by a club or association, does not come within this prohibition.)
4. Wrestling, boxing, with or without gloves, sparring contests, trials of strength or any part thereof.
5. Circuses or equestrian performances.
6. Dramatic performances or exercises.
7. Any performance or exercise of jugglers.
8. Acrobatic or club performances.
9. Rope dancers.
10. Any theatrical play or sketch or a part thereof, with or without theatrical costume.
11. Any vaudeville show.
12. Any impersonation of any character, with or without costume.
13. Any singing which is given in costume.
14. Any moving pictures giving a play or part of a play.

The following are permitted, and should not be interfered with by you:

1. Orchestra or other instrumental music or vocal music played or sung but not in connection with any theatrical exhibition, nor in costume.
2. Lectures and recitations, forming no part of any theatrical piece.
3. Moving pictures, illustrating lectures of an instructive or educational character.

The annual crusade seems to be on in earnest, but whether the Sabbath observance advocates can wear out the resistance of the vaudeville proprietors, is a matter for grave doubt. Moreover, the wisdom or desirability of closing these places of entertainment on Sunday night is open to serious question. It might be better, on the whole, if those who attend them went to church instead, but they will not. Besides, if there are better places for the public, there are also much worse places, and granting social conditions as they exist in a great city like New York, I am not sure that healthy amusement is not quite as necessary to the salvation of its inhabitants as religion. Moreover, the two are in no wise incompatible, provided, of course, always, that the entertainment is decent enough for a week-day.

* * *

THE old Herald Square Theatre, known to every visitor to New York, has become a prey to the flames, under thrilling circumstances. For some time this old play-house has been devoted to musical comedy entertainment, the last leasee being Lew Fields, who occupied it all last season in "The Girl Behind the Counter." This season it has harbored "The Three Twins," whose continuous run might have been prolonged all winter but for the fire. Although large and comfortable inside, the theatre was not up-to-date nor strictly prepossessing in external appearance. The centre of theatrical activity, moreover, has also been shifted from Herald Square to Times Square, and under these conditions it is doubtful if the old building will be restored. The orderly manner in which the house was emptied when the fire was discovered is a reassuring example of the effectiveness of the new fire regulations, adopted since the Iroquois disaster. The coolness of the company and orchestra also, in continuing the chorus, no doubt did much to avert disaster.

* * *

THE theatrical event of the present week will be the opening of Miss Maxine Elliott's new theatre—to be known in process of time no doubt simple as "Maxine's"—by this charming lady herself in a play by Marion Fairfax, "The Chaperone." The theatre, a handsome structure with classic white marble front, is the joint enterprise of Miss Elliott and the Shuberts, and in addition to providing a New York home for Miss Elliott, will harbor the attractions of other Shubert satelites of greater or less brilliancy, Nazimova, Julia Marlowe, and Mary Mannering.

* * *

THE quality of charm which we have remarked on several occasions in the dramatic offerings of the current season, has found its highest expression in the new Barrie play, "What Every Woman Knows," the most agreeable offering of the season. All the irrepressible, elusive, evasive charm of Barrie at his best are seen in this, his latest work. The story you already know, but the telling of it conveys nothing, or next to nothing, of its subtle, humorous import. Only in the actual presentation, do you get the real Barrie twinkle of the eye, the delicate handling of light and shade, the whimsical fancies that make up so much of this Scotch writer's charm.

The other offerings of the week were "The Battle," a capital and labor play, written from the standpoint of capital by Cleveland Moffett, with Mr. Wilton Lackaye in the leading role; and "Peggy Machree," a tuneful Irish comedy with Joseph O'Mara in the role of Barry Trevor. It was in this comedy that the late lamented Denis O'Sullivan, the delightful Irish comedian and ballad singer, was starring last spring with such emphatic success when death suddenly intervened. "Peggy Machree," without Mr. O'Sullivan seemed impossible at that time, and was withdrawn. However, a very satisfactory substitute seems to have been found in Mr. O'Mara, who is well known on the English opera stage.

"The Battle" has evidently been brought to the attention of the Socialists. The other night during the performance—or to be more explicit during a curtain speech—Mr. Gayland Wilshire, of Wilshire's Magazine, attempted to answer some of the author's "fallacies." The interruption was not relished by the audience, however, who apparently sided with the actor, and the Socialist editor had to subside. Mr. Lackaye had just observed that the problem of capital and labor had "interested mankind from the time our earliest ancestors discovered that the gentleman with the longest arm and most prehensile tail obtained the largest cocoanut." This was too much for Mr. Wilshire, and he asked permission to speak a few words on Socialism. The request was finally put to a vote and the nays left no doubt as to the feeling of the audience. J. E. W.

Says The Victoria Colonist: The Ontario man who paid the Grand Trunk Railway for a ride he had stolen eighteen years before, did not make full restitution. Possibly he was like the man of whom the story is told that he sent some money to a railway company with a note in which he said: "Five years ago I defrauded your company of $17, but my conscience pricks me and I send you $5. When she pricks again I will send some more." Manager Hays might open a suspense account with the repentant Ontarian. Perhaps his conscience may "prick again."

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Hunyadi János

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FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

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The letters H. P. and illustration of the Houses of Parliament appear on every bottle of genuine H. P.

All Grocers sell H.P.

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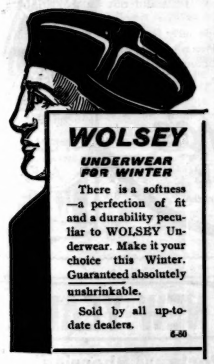
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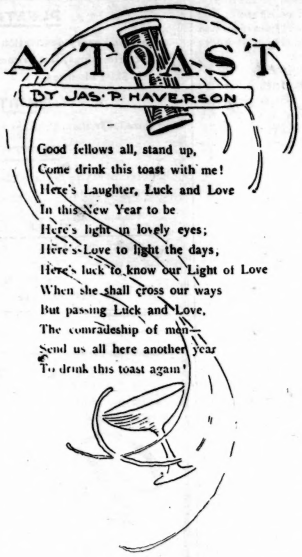

Where Thrift is not a Virtue.

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the English M.P., has a striking article on the effect of the Old Age Pensions on Thrift, in The Westminster Gazette. It will help to give Canadians some idea of labor conditions in England.

"How will the Old Age pensions affect thrift? is a question which disturbs a good many people," says Mr. Macdonald. "An intelligent answer will depend at the outset on how thrift is defined.

"Let us take the case of an agricultural laborer, married, and with children, trying to fulfil his duties on a wage of from 9s. to 15s. per week. Is it 'thrifty' for him to save for an old age which he may never see? Obviously every halfpenny he receives can be economically spent in rent, food, clothing, recreation. Thrift is not saving of immediate necessities, because then it is being practised at the expense of life itself. Thrift comes in only after necessities have been provided for.

"Great classes of people—all those living on the poverty-line—are, therefore, below the ranks where thrift becomes a virtue. Their incomes are only sufficient, if that, to enable them to replace the wear and tear of a workman's life. An old age pension to them, therefore, means nothing more than a rescue from what is otherwise inevitable—pauperism. So far as they are concerned, their thrift, or lack of thrift, is not affected by any old age pension provision by the State.

"What is the effect of a pension upon those who might save a little for an annuity, or other form of postponed income? It is sometimes assumed that these people will calmly sit down and argue: 'I can save twopence a week. But why need I? At seventy I shall get five shillings a week though I save nothing. So let me eat, drink, and be merry now.'

"This, however, is a gross misreading of human nature. Five shillings a week at seventy or at sixty-five is not a prospect sufficiently enticing to the careful man to induce him to say: 'That is enough.' For every ten men who save in order that they may not be in absolute want, a hundred save in order that they may enjoy some little comfort in their old age. The recklessness which will be satisfied with five shillings is sufficiently strong to be heedless of the morrow, five shillings or no five shillings.

"It is not increased to any appreciable degree by such a small and remote security as an old age pension may give it, and it is far more of a caricature than a sober picture of the mind of the poorer classes to show a man who will be entitled to 5s. a week at seventy spending twopence per week on beer which would otherwise go to a friendly society. As Mr. Burt put it in the House of Commons last June: 'Would anyone imagine that a man in the prime of life would become less thrifty than he otherwise would be by the prospect of getting a pension of 5s. a week which, added to 10s., would bring his income up to 15s.?'

"Indeed, the effect of a pension was well illustrated in a conversation I had the other day with a claimant for one in the North of Scotland. 'I am glad,' he said, 'I have a few shillings a week of my own. That, with the 5s., will keep me in clover. It was hard work saving. So little could I do, I often thought of giving it up. A spree to-day seemed much better than saving, saving, saving, to keep myself off the rates. Had I known I was to get 5s. added to it, I might have saved more, and the job would not have been so hard.'

"I am, therefore, of opinion that the thrifty man will be encouraged to be more thrifty still when a nucleus of comfort has been secured to him."

Mr. Howells at Monte Carlo.

A NEW and peculiarly interesting picture of Monte Carlo has recently been drawn by William Dean Howells for the New York Sun. Mr. Howells has just paid the famous gaming-resort a short visit. He found Monte Carlo itself, with all its wonderful flowers, agreeable parks, and unsurpassable hotels, in "every way tempting," but in the famous Casino he found little of charm or interest. He describes the gambling hall thus:

"It seems to open about 11 o'clock in the morning, for gamblers are hard-working, impatient people, and do not want to lose time. A broad stretch of red carpet is laid down the steps from the portal, and they begin to go in at once, and people keep going in until I know not what hour at night. But I think mid-afternoon is the best hour to see them, and it is then that I will invite the reader to accompany me, instructing him to turn to the left on entering, and get his gratis billet of admission to the rooms from the polite officials there in charge, who will ask for his card and inquire his country and city, but will not insist upon his street and his number in it. This form is apparently to make sure that you are not a resident of the principality and that if you suffer in your morals from your visit to the Casino you shall not be a source of local corruption thereafter. They bow you away, first audibly pronouncing your name with polyglottic accuracy, and then you are free to wander where you like. But probably you will want to go at once from the large, nobly colonnaded reception-hall or atrium into that series of salons where wickeder visitors than yourself are already closely seated at the oblong tables and standing one or two deep around them. The salons of the series are four, and the tables in each are from two to five, according to the demands of the season; some are trente-et-quarante tables, and some, by far the greater number, are roulette tables. Roulette seems the simpler game and the more popular; I formed the notion that there was a sort of aristocratic quality in trente-et-quarante and that the players of that game were of higher rank and longer purse, but I can allege no reason justifying my notion. All that I can say is that the tables devoted to it commanded the seaward views and the tops of the gardens, where the players withdrew when they wished to commit suicide.

The rooms are decorated by several French painters of note, and the whole interior is designed by the famous architect, Garnier, to as little effect of beauty as could well be. It is as if these French artists had worked in the German taste rather than their own, and in any case they have achieved in their several allegories and impersonations something uniformly heavy and dull. One might fancy that the mood of the players at the tables had imparted itself to the figures in the panels, but very likely this is not so, for the players had apparently parted with none of their unpleasing dullness. They were in about equal number men and women, and they partook equally of a look of hard repression. The repression may not have been wholly from within; a little away from each table hovered, with an air of detachment, certain plain and quiet men who, for all their apparent inattention, may have been agents of the administration, vigilant to subdue the slightest show of drama in the players. I myself saw no drama, unless I may call so the attitude of a certain tall, handsome young man, who stood at the corner of one of the tables and with nervously-working jaws staked his money at each invitation of the croupiers. I did not know whether he won or lost, and I could not decide from their faces which of the other men or women were winning or losing. I had supposed that I might see distinguished faces, distinguished figures, but I saw none. The players were of the average of the spectators in dress and carriage, but in the heavy atmosphere of the rooms, which was very hot and very bad, they all alike looked dull. At the psychological moment it suddenly came to me in their presence that if there was such a place as hell, it must be very dull like that, and that the finest misery of perdition must be the stupid dullness of it."

The Old and the New Japan.

AN anecdote, illustrating the difference between the "old" and the "new" Japan, is related by Frederick S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount." A certain charming young woman from Ohio recently walked from Yumato to Myanoshita; to her the country appeared a new and strange dreamland. She was filled with the spirit of Hearn and Loti and noted with delight shrines, stone images and little symbolical offerings here and there. She observed, too, as she "walked her mystic way," numerous inscriptions in Japanese. They looked out at her from amid delicate wild flowers; peered up from the boulders of the soft purling stream. She remembered how the old school of Japanese were prone to indite verses and pin them to cherry trees; to toss anonymous metrical offerings, as it were, at the feet of the gods. The inscription in question charmed her; it was quaint, artistic to look upon, but, like Bluebeard's wife, she had her share of feminine curiosity, and wished to know more. Accordingly she stopped the first passer-by, an elderly Japanese gentleman of courteous and kindly mien.

"Pardon me, sir," she asked, "but will you kindly inform me what that inscription signifies? Is it a tribute to Amida, ideal of light? To Kwannon, goddess of mercy? Or a propitiatory offering to Sen Tu of the thousand hands? Is it a song of praise—to Tennin, one of the Buddhist angels? Or—"

"Madam," came the answer in excellent English, "it is merely an advertisement of Yokohama fudge."

The Closing Year.

FASTER than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures
Divide the long sad year that labors by
Into short measures.

Yet, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavor. —F. W. Bourdillon.

St. Thomas (notes The Times, of that city) enjoys the distinction of having the longest single arch concrete span bridge in Canada. This bridge, known as the "Lynhurst Bridge," was just completed last summer, and is an object of interest and admiration to all who see it. The structure was designed by Mr. James A. Bell, C.E., and the work of construction was in the charge of Mr. Arch. Gillies, a graduate of the School of Practical Science, Toronto. The bridge has a clear span of 116 feet, and is about 125 feet over all. It has a clearance of 20 feet, made up of a 15-foot roadway and a four-foot sidewalk, and as the railings are each one foot in thickness, the total width of concrete is 22 feet. The total cost of the bridge was $11,500, this including contract price.

It is only a few years since Winnipeggers used to refer sarcastically to Eastern Canada as "the cent belt!" The reproach no longer applies, at least so far as Winnipeg itself is concerned. The growth of the evening newspaper and the advent of the departmental store has changed all that. And so the cent chases the nickel towards the setting sun. But (remarks the Ottawa Free Press) it will take a long time to conquer the Pacific slope.

The London Advertiser remarks: It is always a treat to listen to French-Canadian speakers like Mr. Marcil. They use so much better English than so many alleged orators who speak only in that language.

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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
As supplied to the
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King of England, Prince of Wales,
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How to fill the vacancy between the old or soiled clothes and the new. Few clothes are really worn out and you want to make use of what you have. We have special processes for cleaning all kinds of clothing, either for ladies or gentlemen.
If you have an expensive waist, party frock or evening cloak, gentleman's fancy vest, that is soiled, send it here to show what our work is like. Out of town people should send for our booklet, "Cleaning & Dyeing."
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HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World
Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.
IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 67c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 13 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 84c. per yard. Dusters, from 72c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.12 per doz. Linen Diaper, 22c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 16c. per yard.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 84c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.54 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 52c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.12 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc. woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $4.32 per half-doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Necks, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.
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IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all new-shapes from $1.15 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.64 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen" Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.
IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 54c.; Nightdresses, 84c.; Combinations, $1.64; India or Colonial Outfits, $53.62; Bridal Trousseaux, $53.94; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)
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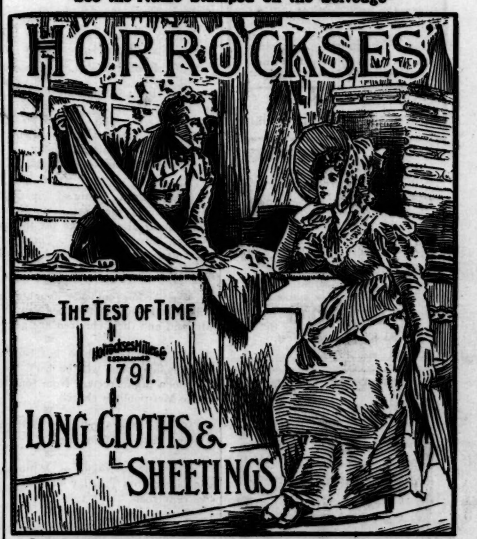

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"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"
BEETHAM'S Glycerine and Cucumber
SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
Sole Makers M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England
It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.
It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

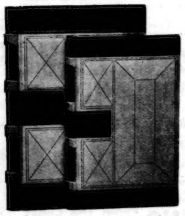
With All Good Wishes for

A Happy New Year

FROM THE MAKERS OF

BELL Pianos

HEADQUARTERS FOR ACCOUNT BOOKS



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Belasco's "Warrens of Virginia"

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CXXII.

COLONEL T. BENSON.
Royal Canadian Artillery. Graduate Royal Military College, Canada, 1883.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A QUIET house-wedding was celebrated on Monday at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. Thompson, 584 Huron street, when the second daughter of Mr. A. J. Stuttaford, Miss Estelle Lottie Stuttaford, was married to Mr. Theodore Laird Tibbs, of Montreal, Rev. Canon Cody being the officiating minister. The bridal gown was of white satin, veiled with white lace, and the bride wore a crown of orange blossoms and a tulle veil, and carried roses and lily of the valley in a graceful shower boquet. Miss Irene Stuttaford, in primrose satin, black picture hat, and carrying a boquet of yellow roses, was her sister's bridesmaid, and Mr. Robert Tibbs was his brother's best man. The floral decorations of the rooms were in yellow and white daffodils, and lily of the valley being artistically mingled. An orchestra played for the coming of the bride, who was given away by her father. Many beautiful gifts were sent from the friends of the bride, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs started for the South, where their honeymoon will wax and wane. The bride travelled in a dark blue suit and a set of handsome mink, with dark chapeau. The sister of the bride, Mrs. Thompson, was the happiest of hostesses to the bridal party.

Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, is giving a young folks' dance on Monday for the not-outs, friends of Cadet Alan Meredith, R.M.C.

Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, whose son Leslie is home from the Military College on vacation, has invited a party of young people to a dance at her home in George street on Monday night.

Mr. Herbert Wood, from Mine Centre, Manitoba, came down at mid-week to visit his parents, Hon. S. G. and Mrs. Wood, and was much welcomed by all his people.

Mrs. Folingsby is giving a little one's party this afternoon for her small niece, Miss Kathleen Skey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Skey, at her home in Spadina road.

Mr. W. Holland has bought a house in St. George street, No. 703, and the family are now settling their lares and penates in it.

Miss Helen Durie is in town on a visit to her mother in Albany avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, of Belleville, are in New York for a short holiday. Mr. W. Clemow spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Northrup, in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin of "Spadina" had a family party for Christmas, their son from New York and their son from Montreal coming up for the holidays, also a cousin of Mrs. Austin's from St. Thomas, and one or two Torontonians, who appreciated very highly the generous hospitality of this model host and hostess.

Mrs. Arthurs and her daughter are still in Paris, but will travel about after the New Year. Mr. and Mrs. Magann and their children are also in Paris.

Mr. H. A. Wheeldon has been in New York for a short holiday, but will be back for the usual Saturday afternoon organ recital, from four to five this afternoon, in the Metropolitan church.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, have been on a flying visit to Winnipeg.

Mrs. Harold Rolph, of Montreal, has been in town, and received on Tuesday with Mrs. Adam at her home in Crescent road.

The death of Mr. Charles Kyle, of Jarvis street, was a regretteo event of last Sunday. Sincere sympathy is sent from hosts of friends to Mrs. Kyle, who was one of the earlier hostesses of this season, and whose tea was so bright and enjoyable. In her present sad hour she has the hearty condolences of those who shared in her pleasure, and now deplore her sorrow.

Remembrances from beautiful Mrs. Sampson, now residing in Chicago, who was this time last year easily the handsomest woman in many bright gatherings in Toronto, evidence that she has not forgotten the friends who made her stay here pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Sampson are living in Michigan avenue this winter.

Mr. L. C. Hoskins is again the secretary-treasurer of the ball to be given by the Argonaut Rowing Club on the fifteenth. Messrs. James P. Murray, R. G. Moody, Hugh Hoyles, Kenneth McDougall, James Ross, J. L. Bigley, Walter Green, A. C. Snively, C. King Dodds, are on the ball committee. The event is always hugely popular with the young set, and some of the best dancers in Toronto always enjoy it hugely.

Mr. Bob Davidson's dance for his friends of the younger and not-out set, was one of the jolliest given this week, his mother, Mrs. John I. Davidson, who is never happier than when entertaining her children's friends, being the kindest of hostesses. With good music, a lovely home and a tempting supper the juniors managed to have a glorious time. There are some exceedingly pretty girls among the not-outs, and their partners were evidently aware of the fact.

This is the point of view of the not-out-boy: "I like a girl that lets her hair alone, and don't put rats in it, and it should shine and be fluffy. That's a sign she keeps it clean."

Castle Frank was aglow with brightness and Christmas decorations on Monday night for the young folks' dance given for the friends of that very pretty debutante, Miss Hazel Kemp, youngest daughter of the house. Mrs. Kemp was indisposed on the evening of the dance with a severe cold, but Mrs. Scott Waldie and Mrs. Proctor, her daughters, received most gracefully in her stead. The debutante wore a most artistic white gown, her slender girlish figure admirably suiting its graceful lines. Her sister buds were equally smart and pretty, and the dance was a very great success. A dainty supper was served about eleven o'clock.

Miss Lois Duggan is spending New Year's at Mrs. Dick's, in Cobourg, where a jolly company saw the incoming of 1909, on Thursday night.

The holiday banquet given by the officers at Stanley Barracks on Tuesday night was as jolly as usual, and much enjoyed. Smart men and handsome women gathered round the Christmas table and the best of good times was the order of the night.

A very sad and sudden event was the death of Mr. George Dunstan at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, without any warning of illness or even indisposition. The shock to his sweet wife and young daughter and relatives was stunning, and deep sympathy flows to them from every side. Mrs. and Miss Gretchen Dunstan only arrived from an absence of some years in England a few weeks ago, and were looking forward to being settled in a Toronto home, where both are so beloved and admired. Their sudden bereavement is one of those sad happenings which seem even more insupportable when coming in this season of festivity.

The many not-outs who are friends of Mrs. Harry Patterson, had a joyous time on Tuesday night, when she gave the jolliest of dances for them, and for her numerous relatives in the young set. Her beautiful home was at their disposal and a dainty supper was provided during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, who have no "own" children, are the primest of host and hostess to those of their relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kappele, of Vancouver, whose marriage took place recently in the West, are visiting Mrs. James Bicknell, Cluny avenue, for the holidays.

The Misses Kirkpatrick, of Spadina Gardens, had their sisters, Mrs. Porter and Miss Dot Kirkpatrick, on a visit at Christmas. They have returned home to Niagara Falls.

The 48th Highlanders Chapter, I.O.D.E., gave a Christmas tree to the children of the regiment, in St. George's Hall at half-past three o'clock.

Mrs. Keele, who spent the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Henry Williamson, in Toronto, returns to-day to the Village Inn, Grimsby, where she is spending the winter in great comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilchrist, of Palmerston Boulevard, celebrated their silver wedding on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Paul Krell is spending the winter in the south of France.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ross have sent the cutest of Christmas cards to their friends this year. A pretty photo represents Mrs. Ross (Maude Dwight) and her splendid little son, with the boy's pet dog, on the lawn of their home, La Verendrye, Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg. Their happy expression exactly suits their sincere good wishes.

There was no reception on New Year's Day at Government House, His Honor's recent bereavement, in the loss of his eldest son, keeping the family in retirement of first grief. Many kind thoughts are with His Honor and Mrs. Gibson, in this Christmas and New Year season, and hopes that the all-healing finger of Time may touch with balm the recently riven cords of their home circle.

Several luncheons have been *en train* this week, mostly informally and hastily gotten up in honor of passing guests or relatives. Mrs. Duncan, nee Armour, has been the honored one at several afternoon and evening parties, and is looking very well and happy.

Miss Gyp Armstrong has been called to Saskatoon to attend on her father who has had the misfortune to fracture his leg.

Owing to these columns going to press a day earlier than usual, some interesting events cannot be noticed until next week.

The marriage of Miss Grace Youell and Mr. Charles H. Hutchins, of Winnipeg, took place on Wednesday, at half-past two, in St. Stephen's Church.

The Rusholme Lawn Tennis Club gave a holiday dance on Wednesday at the Metropolitan parlors.

Dr. and Mrs. Cotton had their daughter, Mrs. Treble and Mr. Treble down from Hamilton for Christmas.

Captain Harold Bickford is visiting Colonel and Mrs. Davidson.

Mrs. P. C. Larkin will be at home next Monday afternoon for the last time before she leaves with Mr. Larkin for an extended trip abroad.

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NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Nothing you can give for a "Happy New Year" will equal a box of

Dunlop's 96 YONGE ST.

Fresh Cut Flowers. We guarantee their freshness and prompt delivery anywhere on the Continent. Design work executed at shortest notice.

Cowan's

Milk Chocolate Stick, Medallions, Croquettes, Cream Bars etc. are truly delicious.

For sale by all dealers from Coast to Coast.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Ironing by Electricity

The Electric Iron—just a neat little flat iron with a long cord.

Attach this to an electric light socket, snap the button, and it's ready hot at your elbow.

You can iron as little or as much as you please.

No trips to the stove. No fires. No dirt.

We will gladly send you one for 30 days' FREE trial.

Come in and let us tell you more about it

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. Limited

12 Adelaide Street East

O'K

Extra Mild, Remember

Many people would drink ale, in preference to all other malt beverages, if ale did not make them bilious.

This O'K brew is brewed especially for those people. It is extra mild and extra light, and lets you enjoy the creamy deliciousness of real old English ale without the heaviness and excessive bitterness.

O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild ALE

"The Beer that is always O.K."

30

WINES FOR NEW YEAR'S

Our Importations of Ports and Sherries are the finest procurable, and have prices ranging from 65c. to $4.00 a Bottle. ∴ ∴

THE WM. MARA CO.

Wine Merchants, 79 Yonge St., TORONTO

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VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St., and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E.

A VISIT TO EGYPT

By Captain H. S. Scott Harden.

ARRIVING AT AL HAYAT.

Helouan, Nov. 30, 1908.

FROM the terrace of Al Hayat my eyes wander across the desert to the Nile. It is that magic moment just when the sun sets. The shades of color are wonderful, changing from blood-red to orange. There is still a little glitter on the palm-fringed river spreading out its broad arm towards the south. In the distance are the Pyramids of Gizeh and Sakhara.

I turn my head to the flat roofs of Helouan.

Two hundred and fifty feet beneath is the city with its broad streets and bazaars, with the country residences of the rich Cairo merchants and Pashas nestling round the late Khedive Tewfik's palace. All round is desert.

From the minarets of the mosques come the sounds of the Mueddin calling the Faithful to prayer. Near by are the Christian places of worship. The picturesque English Church, which is filled with visitors in the season, might, in the fading light, be a church in some Devonshire village—but stripped of its clinging ivy and washed as white as snow.

Why do visitors to Egypt stay in stuffy Cairo when they can winter at Helouan, only sixteen miles away to the south, with a splendid train service, everything that is good for the mind and body of the man, woman or child seeking rest and desert air? Here too are the famous Hot Sulphur Baths, where the waters are stronger than any in Europe and maintain a temperature of 31 degrees Celsius.

There are golf links and tennis courts which appeal to every English-speaking person full of vigor, and who must have exercise to "keep fit." The golf links are the best in Egypt, and the asphalt courts worthy of the play of a Doherty, Norman Brookes or Beal Wright. Many invalids have been cured here by the sun and sulphur, and one to commemorate his recovery has built a palace under the Mokattam Hills.

It is from the terrace of this monument of health, Al Hayat, that my eyes look back once more at the western sky, now a great conflagration. There is a pink glow over Al Hayat, and the hills are tipped with the same color, only it is somewhat more golden (a delicate rose), for the warm earth curves up to meet the heavens. One can never forget this sunset in the oasis at Helouan. Then from the gardens comes the sound of voices—English, German and French young men and women in the springtime of youth who have just returned from a ride in the Garden of Allah. They have been on donkeys—not the ordinary Margate or Yarmouth beach animals, but well-fed and carefully groomed beasts who stride through the streets like well-bred race horses in the paddock at Ascot or Longchamp.

The visitors are staying at Al Hayat and to-night will play bridge or dance. To-morrow they may go by another path in the desert, followed by the children of the Sun to the banks of the Nile, and have tea at San Giovanni; then, crossing the river, proceed to Sakhara and Memphis. In the darkness the great Pyramids silent, distant, and demure sleep peacefully. "Is it not wonderful here?" a voice says from a balcony above. The intense beauty of the evening in this desert land made the heart speak. It would be impossible in Cairo to hear the expression.

The call of the Mueddin dies away. A string of camels are passing Al Hayat. The end of the journey has come as the lights appear in the town. It is like a vision of the Arabian Nights.

After dinner I wandered into the city. A European orchestra was playing a selection of music in the Casino. Boys and girls were roller-skating, and Greeks, Italians and Turks were making their way to the "Asile des Vieillards" to gamble. Here, near the station the Egyptian Delta Light Railway has made, is a park where residents and visitors sit and smoke and drink tea in the afternoons and after dinner; and sip cocktails at the Anglo-American bar, play billiards or go to the theatre.

The park is lighted with electricity and lanterns. The crest of the highest wave of pleasure rears and breaks itself there on Sunday afternoons and evenings at the round tables by the Shamiana.

There is no more delightful spot in Egypt than Helouan with its golden sunsets and pleasant society for the strong, its mineral springs and health-giving properties for nervous affections, Bright's disease and rheumatism.

The average hours of sunshine per day in December and January are 848 and 718, compared to 113 and 117 in the same months in Central Europe.

How many people are looking for this climate in Europe? Yet it is only five days from Paris. In the season Cairo is almost like an American city with oriental odors and the plague of dragomen and street vendors. There is no end to the noise of the street music and the continual cry of "Yeminak." It is almost impossible in January or February to walk along the street outside Shepheards or the Continental without being molested. In Helouan there is peace and there are trains every hour which take you in thirty minutes to the heart of the Capital should you desire to go there. My advice to those who contemplate visiting Egypt is to make their head-quarters at the oasis of Helouan, which means in Arabic "sweet breezes." They come from the pure desert sands over the Mokattam Hills three miles to the east of the Nile in the land of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

The Guests of Sleep.

SLEEP at the Inn o' Dreams—
A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
Comes softly through his gates.

A varied company—
Scholar and clown and king,
Or prince or priest, or great or least,
He gives them welcoming.

For each he fills the cup
Where poppy petals swim,
Wherefrom each guest at his behest
Drinks deeply, toasting him.

And old men drink of youth,
And sad men of delight,
And weary men drink deep again
The pulsing wine of might.

And poets drink of song,
But best, and oh, most sweet,
Above that brim where poppies swim
The lips of lovers meet.

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—
A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
Comes softly through his gates.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Century.

Scottish Jokes.

A MINISTER reproached his congregation for falling asleep, and emphasized his rebuke by calling attention to the fact that Jimmy, "the natural," had always remained awake throughout the sermon.

"An' I had na been an idiot, I wud hae been asleep, tae," was Jimmy's unexpected comment.

Wilson, the poet, better known as "Christopher North," is the author of many of the wittiest things now current in Scotland, and many things he did not say are attributed to him. One morning after a "gran' nicht," with a group of his cronies and an abundance of "whusky" and wit, he awoke with a throat like a limekiln, and called out for the landlady of the little inn on the shore of Loch Lomond, where he was spending his holidays.

"Bettie, guid dame, I'm unco' dry. Fetch in the loch."

A Dundee minister was caught in a shower Sunday morning, and consulted with an unsympathetic sexton as to whether he'd better not delay the service a little while until he got dry. "Just get up and begin preaching, and you'll soon be dry enough," was the unkind reply.

An enterprising commercial traveller attempted to bribe a country merchant in Scotland with a box of cigars.

"No, na," said the merchant, shaking his head gravely, "I canna tak 'em; I naer dae business thaway."

"Nonsense," said the drummer; "but if you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a shilling for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the honest shopman, "I'll tak' two boxes."

"If you feel inclined to sleep in church take a pinch of snuff," said the minister to a member of his congregation.

"Wad it no be better to put the snuff into the sermon?"

There's an abiding prejudice in Scotland against "paper meenisters"—those who read their sermons from manuscript—and a critic once summed up his objections to a certain sermon as follows: "First it was read; second, it wasna weel read; and, third, it was no worth reading."

A visitor at an insane asylum asked if the clock was right.

"If it war, dae you think it wad be here?" retorted a patient.—W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record Herald.

Rescued Poems.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the editor of London M.A.P. what is supposed to be Mr. Kipling's first effort in poetry. It is a "Browning" poem, "The Jampot," and is now in the possession of a schoolfellow of the distinguished author. It runs:

The Jampot—tender thought—
I grabbed it; so did you—
"What wonder, while we fought
Together that it flew
In shivers," you retort.

You should have loosed your hold
One moment; checked your fist,
But as it was—too bold,
You grappled—and you missed.
More curtly, you were sold.)

"But neither of us shared
The dainty" that's your plea?
I answer . . . "Let me see
How have your trousers fared?"

The manuscripts lent by J. Pierpont Morgan to Columbia University Library include some verses written by Abraham Lincoln, a letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, and many other treasures of like nature.

Lincoln's verses are as follows:

A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain;
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear,
And bears preyed on the swine.

A case at the entrance contains Milton's original manuscript of the first book of "Paradise Lost"; some poems and letters of Tasso; the original warrant under which John Bunyan was arrested, and Robert Southey's manuscript copy of his "Life of Bunyan."

A story told by the late Ira D. Sankey on himself, and published in The Boston Herald in 1894, has been revived since the evangelist's death. One day in Geneva he entered a music-box shop and asked to see some music-boxes. The salesman, graciously showed him a number, but none was what he wanted.

"Have you any that play sacred music?" he asked.

"Why," answered the salesman, "we have some that play a kind of half-way sacred music."

"What?" inquired Sankey.

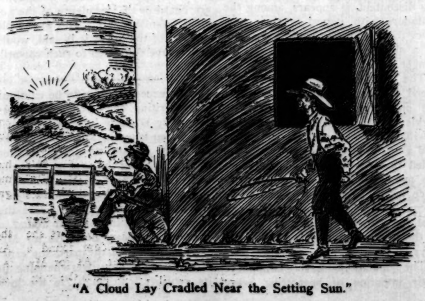
"Oh, these Moody and Sankey hymns; I can't imagine what the people see in them, but we sell thousands of the boxes that play them. We have enormous orders for these boxes," continued the salesman, "from every part of Europe," and then he added, apologetically, "it's a matter of business, you know, with us."—New York Tribune.

"You know Miss Strong, don't you?" "Oh, yes; mannish sort of girl." "Is she, really?" "Yes; she used the telephone to-day for the first time in her life, and she didn't giggle once."—Philadelphia Press.

"Did he ever castigate his son for playing truant?" "No, he never foiled with them new-fangled ways o' doin'. He jest give him a sound lickin'."—Baltimore American.

Editor—It may, of course, happen to any one, young man, that he has no ideas, but that's no reason why he should write a book!—Fliegende Blatter.

The American woman has a special gift for falling unconsciously into good poses.—London Queen.



"A Cloud Lay Cradled Near the Setting Sun."

BLACK DRESS GOODS AT SIMPSON'S

The Foundation Stone of a Great Business

FOR more than a quarter of a century The Simpson Store has been an authoritative dry goods centre. First, for this city; second, for this province; third, for this Dominion. The foundation of this great business was Dress Goods, and the corner stone of the structure was Black Dress Goods. "Simpson's Blacks" has been a term implying quality and perfection for fulness for nearly thirty years.

And now the store and its business has gone beyond the dream of its first architects. We have built a store such as all Canada may point to with pride. But the foundation is still Dress Goods, and that corner stone is still there—"Blacks."

We are making a special showing of Black Goods this week. We'll be delighted to talk to you personally about these, the most particular of all dress fabrics.

Including the following reliable weaves:—San Toy Crepes, Poplins, Panamas, Armures, Ottoman Cords, Venetians, Broaccloths, Chevron Worsteds, Voiles, in plain and fancy effects, Eolienes, Cheviots and Pebble Cloths. These goods are guaranteed all wool, fast dyes and unspottable. Selling yard **1.00**

Black Silks and Satins

RICHEST and best of the Silks of the evening. Lustrous, luminous, living—but black, deep, full, permanent.

We have a reputation for Black Silks and Black Dress Goods which we jealously guard.

Black Satin Majestic, rich lustrous finish, deep, permanent black, 40 inches wide, a superior quality than heretofore shown, yard **2.50**

Black Mousseline Duchesse, a regal dress satin, high satin finish, rich, full black, 27 inches wide, yard **1.35**

Black Liberty Satin, high, shimmery satin finish, soft, draping quality, dress satin much in demand for the present styles, yard ..... **.85**

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

A Toast.

OLD wine to drink,
Old thoughts to think,
Old jokes to grin at joyously.
Old books to read,
Old saws to heed,
Old friends to reminisce with me.

Old clothes to wear
For comfort rare,
Old shoes to ease our aching toes.
Old heroes—here's
To Musketeers,
The D'Artagnans and Ivanhoes.

Old plays to see,
Old songs for glee—
The old things ever tried and true.
And best of all
That I recall,
Old girls, Old Girl, if she be you!
—Horace Dodd Gastit, in Harper's Weekly.

The Lancet recalls this interesting reminiscence:

Louden was the hero of the delightful story of the Waterloo Beeches, which, as Lady Priestley does not mention it we will, to quote the immortal Mr. Barlow, "now proceed to narrate." One day when Wellington was sitting in the House of Lords he received a note from Louden to the following effect:

"My Lord Duke,—It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit Strathfieldsaye at any time convenient to your grace and to inspect the 'Waterloo Beeches.'

"Your grace's faithful servant,
"J. C. LOUDEN,"

The "Waterloo Beeches," we may add, were those planted just after the battle of Waterloo as a memorial. Wellington read the letter twice over, and misread the signature as C. J. London. He then replied as follows:

"My Dear Bishop of London,—It will always give me great pleasure to see you at Strathfieldsaye. Pray come there whenever it suits your convenience, whether I am at home or not. My servant will receive orders to show you as many pairs of breeches of mine as you wish; but why you should wish to inspect those that I wore at the battle of Waterloo is quite beyond the comprehension of yours, very truly, "WELLINGTON."

When "My Dear Bishop of London" (C. J. Blomfield) received the epistle he was not unnaturally somewhat astonished. He showed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops, who were as much exercised by it as if it had been an education bill. The Bishop of London said that he had not written to the duke for two years. However, explanations eventually came about and the mystery was cleared up.

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, was laughing the other day at the British censor's refusal to allow the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles to be performed in London.

"Censors," said the noted teacher and critic, "are always like that. Why, there was a censor once in Rome—"

He smiled.

"This censor licensed a play called 'Widows and Septuagenarians,' The second act of the play took place in a restaurant. It opened with the words:

"'Waiter, a beefsteak.'

"Well, to this speech the censor appended the following marginal note:

"'When the piece is performed during Lent, the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelet or fish.'"

WHY GO SOUTH?

Visit the St. Catharines Springs for change and rest. Open the year round. Special rates at "The Welland" till February 1. Mineral baths, salt rubs, massage, etc. Apply G.T.R. office.

Miss Woodby—So Mr. Smart really said he considered me very witty, eh? Miss Knox—Not exactly; he said he had to laugh every time he met you.—Tit-Bits.

When in doubt, arrange a saw-off.—Kincardine Review.

AT the fashionable Chevy Chase Club, near Washington, where they ride with the hounds, a number of young women stood in a group whereof the only male was a molly-coddle young man who was attached in a professional capacity to a Washington college.

"Good gracious!" interjected one young woman, suddenly aware that the young man had taken no part in the conversation. "We seem to be talking of nothing but horses. Are you much of a sportsman, Mr. Blank?"

"Well—er, I don't know that I am," replied the young man. "I used to collect butterflies, but I gave up even that long ago!"

A DELIGHTFUL little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once a guest at a royal hunt when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the Emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked someone.

"Where game is so plenty the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired between the birds."

AN Irishman who had just united with the Catholic church in a small town was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whisky, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

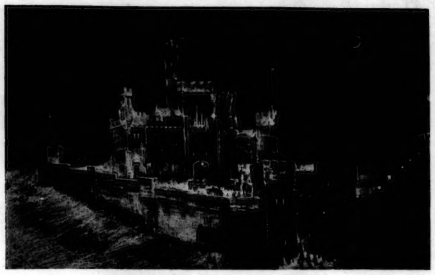
"I can't sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.

Mrs. Benham—As the story goes, Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years. Benham—I wonder if his breakfast was ready when he woke up.—Town Topics.

"I hardly know my wife by sight. You see, I made her acquaintance at the masked ball, and now we're traveling in our auto all the time!"—Jugend.

SPORTING COMMENT

MONTREAL is going right along with arrangements for a great winter carnival in February notwithstanding the protests of those who say that the country's climate will be misunderstood abroad, as it was twenty years ago, by similar winter amusements. SATURDAY NIGHT has repeatedly argued that the sooner we take our winter climate as it is and make the most of it, the sooner the world at large will know it as it is—and we ask nothing better than that. The general programme as drafted by the Montreal committee is subject to amendment later on but it includes two stormings of the ice palace by snowshoers, a grand fancy dress masquerade, a snowshoe race around the mountain for a trophy offered by La Presse, a snowshoe steeplechase over the mountain by the Holly Snowshoe Club, a fancy carnival drive, a Fete de Nuit at the Park slide, in addition to the senior hockey matches scheduled to take place in the Arena during the period of the carnival.



THE PROPOSED ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL

Arrangements have been made to have a civic holiday declared on February 17th, the date fixed for the fancy carnival drive, which is expected to be one of the most brilliant attractions to be offered.

The programme as drafted last night is as follows:

February 10—Opening day; skating in the various rinks; tobogganing at the Park slide, Senior hockey match at the Arena, Wanderers vs. Shamrocks. Curling in all the rinks.

February 11—Storming of the ice palace; skating, ski-ing, snowshoeing, etc.

February 12—Grand fancy dress masquerade in the M.A.A.A. open air rink. Snowshoeing, tobogganing and ski-ing.

February 13—Ski-ing championship meet. Snowshoe and skating races at the M.A.A.A. grounds, Senior hockey match at the Arena, Toronto vs. Victorias.

February 15—Grand illumination of the ice palace; tobogganing, skating and curling.

February 16—Fete de Nuit at the Park slide.

February 17—Civic holiday. Fancy carnival drive. La Presse Cup snowshoe race around the mountain. Senior hockey match at the Arena, Shamrock vs. Wanderers.

February 18—Carnival ball.

February 19—Attack on the ice palace.

February 20—Ski-ing competitions, Senior hockey match at the Arena, Ottawa vs. Shamrock. Holly Snowshoe Club steeplechase over the mountain. Roller skating masquerade at the Forum.

These events, the committee explain, do not represent all the attractions which will be presented, but the programme drafted in this manner gives an idea of the main features. The final and official programme will not be issued prior to January 20.

During the ten days of the carnival there will also be a long programme of indoor sports, including water-polo, bowling and basketball competitions, for which, it is understood, the carnival committee will give special prizes.

The managers of the large skating rinks have also signified their intention of presenting special attractions.

The athletic convenors who assisted in drafting the programme last night were: Mr. Gordon Bowie, Snowshoe Union; Mr. Waager, Ski-ing Club; Mr. Royal Ewing, tobogganing; Messrs. J. A. Christian and R. C. Irwin, skating; Mr. Chris. Golden, water polo; Mr. Louis Rubenstein, bowling.

* * *

DORANDO has had his ups and downs. After he won his race against Hayes at Madison Square Garden, an English paper strongly expressed its pleasure, and that of the British public generally, for the victory was a very popular one across the pond, owing to the incidents attending the finish of the Marathon in England. Speaking of Dorando a writer in the English paper referred to said: "In London the chances were too much against him. I know as a fact that the poor fellow had nothing in his pocket but a few pennies on the morning of the race from Windsor to the Stadium. Nay, he had perforce to get up betimes to go from friend to friend to collect his fare to Windsor that day! Luckily, if he came to England a poor man, he left it a happy and comparatively rich one. Among his gifts, not chronicled in the press by the way, was a beautiful gold watch from the Duchess of Sutherland"

Hayes in the meantime was being lionized in his own country as "the greatest long distance runner in the world." The press pictured him, he drew great crowds to the theatres in which he appeared, cigars and babies were named after him, and he was wined and dined wherever he went. When Dorando came along for the second race it was generally predicted that the little Italian would have no chance against Hayes, yet he won, and then he became "the greatest ever." For him the wine popped, and dinners were given nightly. He went through the same ceaseless round of gaieties that Hayes had gone before him. Then he met Longboat and the Italian went down as Hayes had done. Now it is Longboat who is "the greatest ever." While I believe that the Indian is the best twenty-six miler, on the open road, that can be found anywhere, it seems highly improbable that he can beat artful track and ring runners like Shrubb indoors. Not only so but if Longboat is lionized to anything like the same extent as Hayes and Dorando in turn, he, too, will probably appear on the track less fit than usual for the long grind. Adulation is not the best aid to training. It is generally conceded that Longboat will "deliver the goods" every time he enters a race or break down trying to. It is all a question of his being in shape, and now that he is a professional with men all over the continent wagering money on him, he should understand as never before that he is under obligation to be in shape every time he toes the mark, or run the risk of having the public lose faith in him.

* * *

THIS world is a queer place. Tom Longboat can make more money with his feet than a learned University Professor can earn with his head, crowded though it is with the garnered knowledge of centuries. However, perhaps it only goes to show that a man should specialize.

* * *

ALF SHRUBB is a good runner and can beat many of the fast ones, but as a talker he is certainly one of the finest long distance performers that ever toured Canada.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, who while heavyweight champion of the world and while winning fights and big purses in England figured in the New York papers as "the American pugilist," no sooner bumped the floor in defeat than he at once became "Burns, the Canadian." Of Burns, however, it may be said to the credit of Hanover, Ont., that if he was not a great pugilist he was about the best business man who ever entered the prize-ring. Finding the heavyweight job vacant he stepped up and took it, wore the honor around the world, scooped in all kinds of money, and finally charged $30,000 for delivering the title of champion to Johnston.

* * *

THE names of the ten curlers selected from the Ontario Curling Association to join the Canadian team on its visit to Scotland have been given out by the secretary, Mr. J. C. McFadden, as follows: Col. Robert Mackenzie, Sarnia; J. I. Neelands, Barrie; Alex. Logan, Parry Sound; J. T. Hamilton, Fergus; R. M. Waddell, Peterboro; D. W. Lennox, Churchill; R. L. Patterson, Toronto; Randolph Macdonald, Toronto; Simpson Rennie, Toronto; R. S. Strath, Toronto. It is probable that A. F. Maclaren, of Stratford, will also go on the tour, in which case, being a past-president, he will represent the Ontario Curling Association.

A despatch from London says that a deputation of Scotch curlers will meet the Canadians upon their arrival in Liverpool on Jan. 20th. A banquet will be given in Edinburgh, with Lord Strathcona in the chair. The magistrates and the Council of Edinburgh will give a luncheon in the City Chambers. The corporation of Glasgow will give the Canadians a similar reception. In response to a circular from the secretary of the Royal Club, inviting the provinces to select rinks to play the Canadians, 23 out of a total of 31 took advantage of the offer.

* * *

WRITING to one of the Toronto dailies a correspondent extols skating as a fine winter pastime, not sufficiently resorted to by Canadians. He says: "As an antidote to many of the ills that flesh is heir to, I know of nothing to supersede ice skating, our own national winter pastime. The greatest physicians are agreed that the tendency of modern life with its cheap means of locomotion and transit is that we do not take sufficient open air exercise to keep our bodies in good health, and in consequence the tendency of the race is to become less physically fit." Then he invites you to look on this picture and on that: "Notice a carload of skaters returning from some rink after their evening's enjoyment. See the happy, ruddy faces they have to show; compare them with a party returning from some theatre where they have been confined for some hours in an impure atmosphere. The contrast at once declares which of the parties have followed the most health-giving and pleasure inspiring pastime. Nature demands that fresh air, and exercise be supplied with no niggardly hand, if we would live contented, healthful, happy lives."

* * *

CANADA possesses the most exciting forms of sport for the hunter in the world to-day. The greatest hunters of the world have learned this for a fact (says the National Sportsman). Many men who have grown grey in hunting big game in the jungles of India and in the interior of Africa have enjoyed the most exciting sport after Grizzlies and Rocky Mountain Sheep in British Columbia, or after moose in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. Tremendous herds of caribou are known to exist in the farthest North of Canada, migrating each autumn through Labrador and near the Hudson Bay posts in the Great Slave Lake Country.

* * *

SIR MARTIN CONWAY, writes as follows to the London Times: The certain fact is that the motor has come to stay—that motor traction is rapidly supplanting all other forms and is concurrently revolutionizing country life. Nothing can stop it. The idea that motorists are the privileged rich, and that the public does not motor and is not interested in motor cars, is false. Even to-day the public on the roads is the motoring public. On the Friday before the August bank holiday, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., the number of motor-propelled vehicles that passed a given point on the main London-to-Folkestone road averaged more than one per minute. In the busy time of the day no fewer than twelve cars passed in one minute. The number of foot passengers and horse-drawn vehicles on the road was a negligible quantity. Nor is it by any means the case that the people conveyed thus along the roads of Kent are the idle rich. From Maidstone every day large motor cars of the omnibus type radiate in various directions.

The plain fact is that country places are beginning to live upon motors. The counties that provide good roads with well-tarred surface and without a string of "traps," are profiting in the name of legality. At Folkestone over 4,000 motor cars were garaged for the August bank holiday. Most of these cars came from outside of Kent, and brought money into Kent. It is not unlikely that they spent some £10 ($50) apiece in the country.

Madrid is all excitement over the newest thing in trusts, which seriously menaces the national sport of bull-fighting. There has been growing discontent, it appears, among the matadors with regard to their pay. They think that they ought to be paid on a sliding scale, according to the danger they incur.

The bulls of the famous Miura breed, for instance, are reputed to be the most savage and dangerous to tackle and so the chief matadors of Sevilla, Cordova, and Madrid have had a conference at which it was decided that they should demand double pay, $2,000, for every performance where Miura bulls were to be encountered. This incidentally shows that the art of bull killing according to the rules of the ring is a thing that pays.

The matadors have announced their intention of boycotting every bull ring in Spain where the increased rates are not granted. The managers, on the other hand, are determined to close the rings rather than accede to the espadas' terms. It is the prospect of their most popular amusement being abolished on the eve of the national fete that has caused the public to take alarm.

Influential patrons of the national sport have formed a counter trust and have pledged themselves to attend no bull-fight unless the redoubtable Miura bulls appear. Loud complaints are heard of the decadence of the ancient Spanish sport. The grand old masters of the craft, it is said, would never have confessed to such cowardice.

How necessary it is to be cautious when writing one's reminiscences is shown by a pretty little quarrel that has arisen between Miss Ellen Terry and J. H. Barnes, the subject matter in dispute being the part of Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice."

In the story of her life Miss Terry said that during the many years she played Portia she seldom found a Bassanio to please her. As for Mr. Barnes' acting of the part, she criticized it as "simply overwhelming in its gentility," although "in the love scenes he appeared to be taking orders for furniture."

Now this was not likely to please Mr. Barnes. But more lay behind. Miss Terry told of a joke she and her sister Florence once played on this dignified Bassanio by substituting two almond rings for the real rings.

"Not so," retorts Mr. Barnes in The Stage. "I was handed, not a ring, nor an almond ring, but a small India rubber ball with a hole in it, and filled with water, which before I realized what it was had ejected a considerable stream all down a very light gray silk costume, provided by the management, compelling me to change completely the rehearsed business of the scene by playing the end of the piece with my back to the audience."

Mr. Barnes confesses he was angry, but does not say what the management thought of the injury to the gray silk suit of clothes.

Tiger hunting in an automobile is the latest in India. There are three American cars in India, one of which is owned by the Maharajah of Momia, who was not only educated in England, but who has travelled in the United States. This Indian potentate is up to date and has purchased through a London branch a large 1908 car which now replaces the elephant and howdah for tiger hunting. The story, as told in a recent issue of a Calcutta paper, was as follows:

"News came in the other day that a tiger was roaming on the banks of the Cinda, near Mochar, a village fourteen miles from Momia City. The Maharajah motored to this village with his guides. The day was devoted simply to the movements of the tiger. The next day the Maharajah laid in hiding for the royal beast who returned to his feed on the banks of the Cinda, and had just sprung on the goat which was tied with the hope of luring the tiger within range, when the Maharajah fired, hitting the tiger in the head. The first bullet proved fatal; early next morning the hunting party returned to the city in the motor car with the dead tiger placed on the rear seat."

"When she hit him with the golf ball, did it knock him senseless?" "I guess so. I understand they are soon to marry."—Town and Country.

"Don't you admire the old-time melodies?" "No; I'm a fresh-air fiend."—Dramatic Telegram.

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A Husband's Mistake

How His Little Device to Save His Honor Worked Too Well. ∴ ∴ ∴

MME. la Baronne de Givone was a reproduction of that famous type of classic beauty, the Greek goddess, examples of which are so rare now and growing more and more so in this *fin-de-siecle* epoch. A woman born for the Olympian cothurne and the simple drapery clasped upon the shoulder, neither pretty, nor witty, nor marvellous in any way, but Greek, plain Greek from brow to instep—upon the word of her estimable husband, the shrewd, far-sighted, and successful financier, M. le Baron and banker, Alonzo de Givone.

The baron, moreover, was not wrong; madame his wife reflected the universal admiration as a polished reflector throws back the light; they always chose her to preside over those functions that required traditionally statuesque patronesses; men bowed before her as before an armed sentinel, and women never thought of such a thing as being jealous of her.

The age of this beautiful Greek, however, announced by herself, was of a very vague character, like the age of a statue as given on the bill of sale, "somewhere between nine-and-twenty and nine-and-forty years."

As for the baron's age, it was that of all husbands when they are loyal spouses—fifty years. Very rich and childless, every evening saw them in the social swim, but leading there, as elsewhere, the solemn, ceremonious, well-regulated, dignified life of the old clock in the salon of their stately old mansion in the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne.

But—alas, that it should be so!—transcendent virtues are always subject to thunder-clap relapses. One day, at the house of a diplomatic personage—a careless parvenu, who opened his doors to all sorts of arts and artistes through an affected democracy—Mme. de Givone made the fatal encounter. She trembled—she the proud, distinguished Baronne de Givone, trembled before a comic singer, the vulgar star of a cafe concert hall.

He had come there, poor devil, to earn a louis and his supper, without a thought of reanimating goddesses of the Parthenon, and was chiefly concerned, while chirping out his "inimitable imitations," by a suddenly discovered slit that striped with white the sooty black of his coat under the arm, and the necessity for keeping his hand clasped over his heart to hide the fiery stroke of an unpaid laundress's iron, which spread itself out in brownish tint upon an otherwise snowy shirt-front.

The physique of this singer of comic ditties perfectly corresponded with his employment—calf-eyed, thick-lipped, nose like a duck's bill, awkward in gait, and with only the knowledge of making a stage-bow fairly well—an ungainliness, all the same, that mattered little; Mme. de Givone was caught by the epidemic that at times seizes all too-perfect women of vaguely defined years.

She believed that she loved Cæsar Ibes, and fell upon him, like a bolt from a clear sky, with all the notes, flowers, invitations, *et cetera*, that women of the great world employ in such cases as barometers, so to speak, of the condition of their affections. Cæsar did not, however, return this love, though touched a little, of course, like all amiable animals to whom, through an impulse of pity, one speaks caressingly as one passes. He did not love her; and when she called him the "ray of sunlight in the autumn of her life," instead of telling him, as she might have done, of his "inimitable tones," a dull dislike rose up in his heart against her.

Cæsar Ibes was not rich, either; Herminie bankrupted him in cabs engaged by the hour, and actually dared to offer him on his birthday a cigar-case embroidered by her slim Greek fingers, when he would have infinitely preferred to the work of the needle a diamond scarf-pin, or even a good imitation diamond, provided the mounting was not too sham.

Still one can taste a little of love and not become a drunkard. Cæsar, not knowing what else to do, permitted himself to go on being loved and being ruined by cab hire, in obedience to the will of the goddess, who made of this prosaic and useful vehicle their regular and not too compromising trysting-place.

It went on thus—well, really, it does not matter how long—when, one morning at the breakfast table, M. de Givone, with frowning brow, announced a sudden departure, possibly a week's absence, and a call to Lyons on a serious banking errand.

Herminie saw him set out with the joy of an emancipated school-girl, and promptly dispatched a note to her "dear friend" to call upon her that coming evening, closing with directions as to finding the servants' stairway.

"My husband deceives me," she declared; "I am *sure* that he deceives me, because he has grown so cold to me of late. This voyage is but a pretext to join some—some *creature*. I *scorn* him, and I wish to see you—to see you here, in my own house. Come!"

* * * * * *

The evening came, and the clocks of the quarter were still striking ten as Herminie de Givone, the "deceived" wife, all glittering with diamonds and rustling with laces, as she had come from the concert where Ibes, all the fashion at the moment, had been the lion of the occasion, stepped from her carriage, dismissed the waiting-maid, and ten minutes later, by the servants' stairway, was ushering the young comedian to the sacred precincts of her private boudoir.

A strange awkwardness, however, seemed to settle upon the two culprits as they crossed the threshold of that severely Greek nest, with its Olympian memories; Herminie slowly and silently unclasped her diamond necklace and turned to lay it upon a table near by, and Cæsar, with equal slowness, fumbled nervously with the buttons of his concert-hall paletot.

Then, just as the diamonds fell into the bronze tray waiting to receive them—fell with the light spattering sound of falling tears—the door opened again and M. de Givone appeared.

Herminie uttered a cry and fell prone to the floor, and Cæsar began mechanically to rebutton his paletot, his pale face convulsed with terror. The banker was pale, too, but ominously calm.

"Sir," said he, quietly drawing a revolver from his pocket, "you are poor, you are a coward, and I know why you are here. You came *to steal my wife*. Happily, I had taken my precautions. I have placed on guard at each side of the servants' stairway of my house two police officers charged to arrest and to *search you*. They will find"—pointing to the baronne's jewels glittering in the tray beside them—"that diamond necklace concealed between your shirt and waistcoat; they will take you to the police station, and there you will admit the theft; there, also, you will declare that you were here to see the baronne's maid, and this vulgar comedy will end by a just application of the law—that is to say, a certain number of months in prison. In consideration of recovering the diamonds, however, I agree to do what I can to soften the rigor of the richly deserved sentence."

And smiling blandly, M. de Givone placed his finger upon the revolver's trigger.

"But—but, monsieur," stammered the comedian, entering the tragic role in spite of himself, "you would compel me to sacrifice my honor."

"And *my* honor, sir," responded the banker, drawing nearer, "what of that, sir? Appearances give me the right to blow out your brains here and now, sir; but I do not love scandal. Take your choice, then. Carry off the diamonds or—I kill you!"

Briefly, nothing was more cleverly arranged. Cæsar Ibes was poor, a nobody, riddled with debt, of a physique to please only chambermaids, and Herminie de Givone as flawless before the world as the statue she resembled.

With moist brow and chattering teeth, Cæsar made but a step to the table where flamed the resplendent necklace.

"To call out is useless," he grumbled, essaying to smile. "If I told the truth, even, they'd take me for a fool, I suppose!"

"No one would believe you, sir."

Givone raised his arm again, and Cæsar saw the gleaming barrel of the revolver almost against his brow. It was an invincible argument. Cæsar yielded.

"Well, if I must, I must," said he; "better prison than death, you know." And the necklace vanished into the hiding-place designated by M. de Givone, who followed him to the threshold, pointed the way he should go, and dropped behind him the portiere.

Cæsar found himself alone in the corridor. To the left, in the distance, twinkled the lamp of the vestibule, lighting the servants' stairway; to the right, shining in the moonlight, gleamed the long, sparkling panes of the corridor window. Beyond that window was the garden, beyond the garden the Bois de Boulogne, the fields, security, and freedom!

"Bah! why not?" thought Cæsar brusquely, dazzled and blinded by that which he had suddenly conceived; "I've time enough to throw myself into a train; eight hours lands me at Havre, and once in England—the devil himself couldn't catch me. 'Houp-la! my boy, and that'"—snapping his thumb lightly in the direction of the banker's closed door—"that for all the enraged husbands in Paris!"

He threw up the sash, flung a leg over the window-ledge, and—the diamonds with him—was lost in the night.

Six months have gone since then; the worthy financier is still deploring the mistake he made in persuading Cæsar to steal against his will, and Mme. la Baronne Givone more than ever resembles a well-groomed statue. —Translated from the French of Rachlide by E. C. Waggener.

The Hill o' Dreams.

MY grief! for the days by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall
Coming alone at set o' sun
Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to my feet—
For the thrushes sang in the cool deep glen
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng
An' many a dream as I never told;
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a whin-bush crowned with gold.
An' always I'd look back at the say
Or the turn of the road shut out the sight
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice,
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a king's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The hills seem weary now to my feet,
The miles be's many, and dreams be's few.
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top of the hill
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

—Helen Lanyon, in the New Ireland Review.

How to Acquire Literary Taste.

ARNOLD BENNETT, in the course of an article in T.P.'s Weekly on "Literary Taste: How to Form It," has this to say for the guidance of the young reader:

I have only one cautionary word to utter. You may be saying to yourself: "So long as I stick to classics I cannot go wrong." You can go wrong. You can, while reading naught but very fine stuff, commit the grave error of reading too much of one kind of stuff. Now there are two kinds, and only two kinds. These two kinds are not prose and poetry, nor are they divided the one from the other by any differences of form or of subject. They are the inspiring kind and the informing kind. No other genuine division exists in literature. Wordsworth, I think, first clearly stated it. His terms were the literature of "power" and the literature of "knowledge." In nearly all great literature the two qualities are to be found in company, but one usually predominates over the other. An example of the exclusively inspiring kind is Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." I cannot recall any first-class example of the purely informing kind. The nearest approach to it that I can name is Spencer's "First Principles," which, however, is at least once highly inspiring. An example in which the inspiring quality predominates is "Ivanhoe"; and an example in which the informing quality predominates is Hazlitt's essays on Shakespeare's characters. You must avoid giving undue preference to the kind in which the inspiring quality predominates or to the kind in which the informing quality predominates. Too much of the one is enervating; too much of the other is desiccating. If you stick exclusively to the one you may become a mere debauchee of the emotions; if you stick exclusively to the other you may cease to live in any full sense. I do not say that you should hold the balance exactly even between the two kinds. Your taste will come into the scale. What I say is that neither kind must be neglected.

Lamb is an instance of a great writer whom anybody can understand and whom a majority of those who interest themselves in literature can more or less appreciate. He makes no excessive demand either on the intellect or on the faculty of sympathetic emotion. On both sides of Lamb, however, there lie literatures more difficult, more recondite. The "knowledge" side need not detain us here; it can be mastered by concentration and perseverence. But the "power" side, which comprises the supreme productions of genius, demands special consideration. You may have arrived at the point of keenly enjoying Lamb and yet be entirely unable to "see anything in" such writings as "Kubla Khan" or Milton's "Comus"; and as for "Hamlet" you may see nothing in it but a sanguinary tale "full of quotations." Nevertheless, it is the supreme productions which are capable of yielding the supreme pleasures, and which *will* yield the supreme pleasures when the pass-key to them has been acquired. This pass-key is a comprehension of the nature of poetry.

TWO of the most prominent English novelists of the present day have different methods of work. Mr. W. J. Locke, author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Simple Septimus," etc., plans his book before hand, and, having laid it out, proceeds to fill in the skeleton, with such changes of detail as may occur to him. Mr. William G. De Morgan ("Alice for Short," "Somehow Good," etc.) simply sits down with a pen in his hand and paper before him, and waits for the words to come.

Both Mr. Locke and Mr. De Morgan are pre-eminent. They have each achieved as much success as ought to come to any man in his lifetime. Why have they been so much more successful in such different days, than so many of our American novelists? For it must be accounted undeniably true that the English novelist turns out better stuff than the American.

The reason lies not so much with the method, as with the material at hand. In this country there are no long settled types which lend themselves to the pen of the novelist. We are a shifting people. We have had no time thus far to accumulate either a local or an individual atmosphere. An American millionaire once asked an English gardener how he got such a fine lawn. The reply was that constant rolling for three hundred years would do the trick. Our national types are very much like our lawns. They have sprouted considerably, and many of them are vividly green, but they haven't been rolled long enough.

This rawness and lack of complete solidarity and individuality are perfectly reproduced in our fiction. As we grow older this will be demonstrated by more clearly defined types in our novels.—New York Life.

Diggs—You believe that whisky is good for a cold, don't you? Swiggs—Yes, but how did you know? Diggs—Oh, I've noticed that you nearly always have a cold.—Chicago Daily News.

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?- POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE -?!

Press Gallery Incidents.

APROPOS of the approaching meeting of Parliament incidents in which "Charlie" Caveos, now city editor of The Toronto World, figured last session, are recalled by those of the newspapermen who were then members of the Press Gallery. One night during the *impasse* on the Government's election bill, Charlie was summoned to Toronto. As he left the Gallery for the railway station, Dr. Sproule, who had been speaking for some time, had reached the middle portion of his address.

Two nights later Charlie returned to Ottawa, and, hastening from the station to the House, lost no time in ascending to the Press Gallery. As he mounted the steps a familiar voice was heard passionately imploring the House "to kill this iniquitous measure." Charlie reached his accustomed place in the Gallery, peered over his desk with a muttered, "Yes, that's Sproule," and then turning to one of his confreres gasped out:

"My stars, has he been speaking ever since?"

His confrere did not grasp the situation for a moment, then he smiled and relieved Charlie with the explanation that Sproule was making his 'steenth speech on the 'steenth amendment to the bill.

As the representative of The World, Charlie was, of course, also the representative of "The Third Party," by which phrase Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., was invariably referred to in the Press Gallery, on account of the manner in which he pursued his own course regardless of party caucuses, policies, or political ties of any kind.

When Charlie returned to the Press Gallery's working room from his first consultation at Ottawa with "his leader," he was greeted somewhat in this fashion by several of the boys:

"Special despatch. A caucus of the Third Party was held to-day, Mr. W. F. Maclean presiding. It was moved by Mr. Maclean, seconded by Mr. Maclean, and carried unanimously, that the Third Party continue in the course as mapped out by Mr. Maclean, the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties and their press to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Charlie Caveos, of The World, was appointed recording secretary and session representative."

Kept the Camera Dry.

ONE more incident in which Charlie, with other Gallery men figured, will never be forgotten by any of them. Enthused by stories of the joys of timber-sliding, a party of the boys boarded a section of one of Booth's big timber rafts, for a journey down a slide. "Billy" Banks, of The Globe, who was then suffering from a severe attack of photographitis, was along, accompanied by his faithful camera.

In the middle of the slide the raft struck an obstruction and was partially broken up, all on board being precipitated into the water, fortunately quite shallow. Charlie, who got the worst ducking of any, kept quite cool, and assisted many of the voyageurs ashore.

To The Globe man, as he landed him, Charlie exclaimed:

"Gee, Billy, you're pale; guess it scared you?"

"Yes," came the stammering answer, "but my camera wasn't even splashed."

And now, when Charlie meets Billy he greets him with, "Is the camera dry yet?"

Mr. McGuigan's Energy.

IT is doubtful if people realize how big a man is the individual who is about to build Ontario's power line. Mr. F. H. McGuigan. The name, by the way, since many are in doubt in this matter, is pronounced as if spelt Magwiggan. From the time when in order to help his widowed mother he started out as a water boy on a construction gang until he resigned the general managership of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. McGuigan's life was one of strenuous activity.

On one occasion when, as superintendent of a United States line, he was fighting a snow blockade, he never took off his clothes for seventy-two hours. For forty-eight hours he had no sleep, and during all this time nothing to eat except sandwiches eaten standing up between rushes at the snowbanks. Talking of that time long afterward he said he fought like this because he was young and ambitious to make a record for keeping his division open. Asked if, with his added experience, he would do it over again, he said he would not. On the contrary, when he became convinced that a heavy blizzard was on and a blockade absolutely unavoidable, he would issue an order to keep all trains at the terminals and all engines in the roundhouses till the storm was over. Then, when the storm was past, they could start out to clear the line with a lot of fresh men and live engines instead of having to dig out frozen trains and "dead" engines with a force of tired and half-frozen men.

The Small Boy's Ambition.

THE ambition of the average boy is a thing of wonder—and sometimes, amusement. And thereby hangs this tale.

Mrs. J. M. Warburton, who teaches a most interesting class of newsboys in Elizabeth street school, recently put this question to the pupils. "If you had to be somebody else, what person would you like to be?" She expected some startling answers and she got them.

"I'd like to be Sir Wilfrid Laurier," said one lad, "because he is the leader of his country."

Several boys wanted to be King Edward. Their ambition soared high.

At least half a dozen preferred to be T. C. Robinette. Here's a tip for the latter: If he keeps on running he may be elected when these chaps get votes. He's solid with the youths in "The Ward."

"I want to be myself," was another answer, "but I want to be a hero." He was the meekest, mildest lad in the class.

"I'd rather be Trustee H. A. E. Kent," said a lad who sells papers to that trustee, "for he is kind, and does favors for people."

Several had Trustee Rawlinson as an ideal, for he is very good to the youngsters in the Ward school.

Some, to get a stand-in with their teacher, perhaps, archly confessed they'd like to be Mrs. Warburton.

The touch of pathos was in the reply of a ragged, forlorn-looking little fellow, who is a newsy. "I'd like to be Harold Stinson (another pupil), for he doesn't have to sell papers every day."

Lauder and Some Scotchmen.

NOT all Scotsmen are proud of the fact that the land of their birth or of their ancestors boasts in the person of Mr. Harry Lauder the most entertaining eccentric comedian of the day, and a man whose earnings would have been the despair of many of the immortal names in the annals of the English-speaking stage. The reason is that Mr. Lauder owes a large measure of his vogue to his broad but irresistible accentuation of the traditional Scottish weaknesses—their "nearness" and their fine opinion of themselves both as conquerors of women and as intellectual lights. Mr. Lauder, though as typical a Scotsman in all respects off the stage as any one of his fellow-countrymen, when on the stage prefers to ignore those sterling qualities which form the theme of after-dinner speeches on St. Andrew's Nicht.

A Toronto newspaperman, who knew something of the kind of work that has made Mr. Lauder famous, offered to bet that there would be some highly affronted Scotsmen in Massey Hall when they learned that their celebrated countryman had come to laugh at Sandy, not to praise him, and the event proved that he was right.

He entered during one of the comedian's numbers, and hardly was he seated than he overheard a voice behind him volubly denouncing the entertainer in a stage whisper, in which the burr of the auld land was easily detected.

"Sic' nonsense," was the constant plaint. "Mon, how can sensible folk laugh at sic' stuff?" was another querulous query in his whispered monologue, and it was only when Lauder sang "She is my Lassie," which contains some sentimental references to the charms of the Scottish maiden, that he showed signs of being placated.

When the audience was rising the man in front took pains to discover who the complainant was, and discovered that he was a very fine old gentleman with whom the literary genius of Burns is a hobby, and who is fully impressed with the excellence of the Scotch as compared with all other races.

"Our own Jimmie Fax has him beaten in all respects," was his final decision.

Canadian Poets.

UNTIL quite recently, it used to be a joke among editors that one in every ten of the pupils turned out of the high school in the average Canadian town was a poet. In very truth the spread of education has produced verse-writers innumerable, most of whom, however, succumb early to the inevitable and accept more humdrum pursuits. But it cannot be said that the number of Canadian poets has increased in ratio to the population. Rather is the reverse true.

Comparatively few readers of the present generation are aware that the late Rev. Dr. Dewart, who passed away but two or three years ago, as long ago as 1864 published an anthology entitled "Selections from Canadian Poets, with Occasional Critical and Biographical Notes, an Introductory Essay on Canadian Poetry. By Edward Hartley Dewart." This volume was published by John Lovell, 81 Nicholas street, Montreal, and is now rather scarce, although its circulation was considerable.

Now, in 1864 the population of Canada was much less than it is to-day, yet the volume covers 305 pages, and one counts over eighty contributors. Moreover, in making his selections, the young Mr. Dewart of that day was careful to choose the work of verse-writers who paid heed to the laws of rhyme and metre.

These verses are not of the type that appeared in the poet's corner of the old-fashioned country weekly by any means. Some of the names that figure in the anthology are still familiar, even to the young Canadian of the twentieth century—those of D'Arcy Magee, Wm. McLachlan, John Reade, Charles Sangster, and Charles Heavy Sage, to cite a few instances.

Of the many young ladies whose names figure in the list, one cannot help wondering what became of them—whether they continued to write poetry after they got married. No doubt in many a Canadian household of to-day there is a cherished copy of this old volume, precious because it contains in clear print verses "that grandma wrote when she was a young girl."

It will be seen, also, that the poets of half a century ago were by no means backward in seeking the fame that book-covers are supposed to bestow, for in many cases the selection presented is credited to some already published volume of the poet's complete works. In fact, it is obvious that in that day, when literature in the United States was practically confined to what is known as "the New England school," there was a local impulse toward verse-writing and a local market for its output.

A Canadian Prima Donna.

THE announcement that Madame Donalda is to tour Canada within the next twelvemonth will be a matter of interest to Canadians other than those interested in music. In fact, Canadians outside a limited circle in Montreal were unaware that Canada possessed a prima donna who had taken up the garment of Albani, until the London, Eng., papers informed us of the fact. Her rise has been phenomenal, but her native land has had no opportunity to hear her since she became famous.

A few years ago she was Pauline Lichstone, a young girl of orthodox Hebrew descent, whose father picked up a meagre living as a tailor in a small way in the Jewish quarter of Montreal. She was taken up by a very cultured lady, the wife of Rabbi De Solis of that city, who succeeded in interesting others of wealth and education in the girl and to obtain some social advantages for her. Finally, Lord Strathcona became interested—a fact of which readers of this journal are already aware. Through his assistance she obtained study abroad, became a tremendous success, and rewarded her benefactor by calling herself Donalda, the christian name of Lord Strathcona being Donald.

It is said that she excels in florid parts such as those which are associated with the name of Melba, and that she has the same "full throated ease." She is said to be the greatest Juliet in Gounod's opera of that name on the stage. One point about her worth noting is that she is always alluded to abroad as "the Canadian prima donna," and is obviously proud of the land of her birth. It was not always so!

Toronto's Poor.

AS is well known, charitable effort for the distribution of Christmas cheer is in the hands of many different organizations, each of which is supposed to take care of a different section of the community. For instance, in Christmas week the St. Vincent de Paul Society sees to the well-being of indigent Roman Catholics. The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society extends aid to the poverty stricken ones from the north of Ireland, the Sons of England see that no Englishman is without a Christmas dinner if they can help it, and so on.

In default of a system of organized charity which so many philanthropists advocate, a great many of the pauperized poor have become so in "making the rounds." By telling a tale of woe they manage to secure charity from all the organizations. Of course, at Christmas time no one wishes that even the pauper should fare badly, but it is necessary to keep a sharp eye out for the "ringers" lest the really deserving but diffident poor should be robbed of their just share. These "ringers" are chiefly women, and one of them last week visited the quarters of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society with a plea for aid.

One of the shrewdest of the committee commenced to question her.

"What denomination do you belong to?" he asked.

"Methodist," was the prompt reply.

"How many sacraments are there in the Methodist church?" said the committee man.

"Seven, sir!" said the woman.

"Run along up to the St. Vincent de Paul Society," said the questioner, who was well aware that only the Church of Rome boasts seven sacraments.

"QUALIFYING FOR THE COLONIES."

The young man in the above picture is getting his hand in—he is learning how—and when he has had practice enough, he will come out to Canada. This picture appeared in The Bystander, along with the explanation that the photo was taken at the Colonial Training School at Shefferton-on-Thames, where young Englishmen are taught how to get along in the Colonies.

A RECENT ART WORK

A SPLENDID example of decorative art has just been completed in the address of thanks being forwarded by the University authorities to the Princess of Wales, in acknowledgment of the banner lately presented by Her Royal Highness.

The Princess, when in Toronto, was greatly interested in the institution, and, as a mark of her regard, even possibly to inspire the students with something of the feeling expressed in the motto, "Ich Dien," she sent out to the University a banner, hand-embroidered in very fine silk—so beautifully made as to represent the faces in it almost as though painted—in which is pictured Edward the Black Prince, kneeling before his father, Edward III., on the field of the battle of Cressy, to receive authority for using the crest of the slain King of Bohemia—the three ostrich feathers, and the motto, "Ich Dien." The address was done by Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A. To those who are acquainted with the work of that gentleman it is possible, with the aid of a pen and ink sketch of the frontispiece, to convey some idea of the exquisite workmanship contained in the book. The cover is of a brilliant-hued red morocco; the binding, of course, from a special design, with the Prince's crest, in white and gold, surmounting the inscription in golden letters of quaint design. The inside of the book is of vellum and the pages are bound so as to have the effect of uncut leaves. The text, elaborately decorated, occupies four pages. The superscription page, that shown in the sketch, contains the arms of the Prince of Wales, with the feathers, surrounded by the Tudor rose. The first page of the address proper bears the crest of the University treated in a manner unique and tasteful, the motif being the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The next is a page of text with a large initial in the same strain as the frontispiece and sprays of the rose trailing through. The last page is made from the Royal arms.

No adequate impression of the color can be conveyed, further than to say that it is one of those rare harmonies for which the artist is noted. Decorative work of this sort is not published broadcast for the edification of the people at large; occasionally the exhibitions contain a few examples, but they are not always the finest products, for most of these, necessarily, are conveyed direct to their destinations, and thereafter are seen by but few persons. Not many realize the amount of thought and labor behind an art work of this nature. Similar things frequently appear in publications and are admired as a matter of course, but the average reader seldom considers the fact that they are the output of one brain, or remembers that the original work occupied one man's time for days, or perhaps weeks. The beautiful thing complete does not often carry with it any reminder of the process by which a theme is built upon, or of the alternative schemes that have been rejected one after the other until a harmonious whole has been secured. In this address Mr. Howard has achieved another success and merits well the praises of the few who have had the pleasure of a look at the book before its departure.

The address moved by the Chancellor, Sir William Meredith, seconded by Sir Charles Moss, is as follows:

That the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto place on record their high appreciation of the gift of the beautiful banner so graciously presented to the University by Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales. The manifestation, by this appropriate and splendid token, that Her Royal Highness, whose visit to the University is ever memorable, continues her interest in its welfare, awakens in the University the deepest gratitude.

The historic incident represented on this banner in such chaste design and with such perfect workmanship will stir the imagination of our generous youth and will arouse in them the ambition to illustrate by faithful service in their respective spheres the inspiring ideal of His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales.

While the University of Toronto has always cherished sincere loyalty towards the Royal Family, the gracious regard thus displayed by Her Royal Highness serves to call forth once more an expression on the part of the University of its devotion to the Throne.

JOHN HOSKIN,
Chairman of the Board of Governors.

It is no small compliment (says The London Free Press) which the Washington Government pays to Canada in modelling its new postal savings banks upon the system which has been in operation here since Confederation. At a meeting of postmasters assembled in New York, Superintendent Ross, of the Ottawa Department, delivered an address on its workings, which were admitted as ideal. In the postal administration Canada has ever led the way in making new improvements. The mail car system was first inaugurated by the Ottawa authorities. Its advantages were soon recognized by our Republican neighbors. When they added it to their postal service, the late Mr. Gilbert Griffin, inspector of the London postal district, was invited by the Washington Government as an expert to set the system in operation. He managed the first mail car which was put on as an object lesson, between New York and Washington.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the anti-noise crusader, is the wife of the president of the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat Company. She sold her beautiful home on Riverside Drive, New York, and moved to the St. Regis Hotel, because the tugboat captains, against whom she began her anti-noise war, took special delight in tooting their whistles at all hours of the night whenever they passed her house.

The London Free Press concludes that Santa Claus must have been a merchant, and not the head of a family of seven girls.

A man pays his club bill with fond reminiscences, his grocer's with shrieks for economy, remarks The Smart Set.

SNOWSHOES

Their Real Use in the North.

By CANUCK.

WHILE, to-day, thousands of our young people in Canadian cities and towns, and in those of the Northern States use the snowshoe as a means of winter outdoor recreation, there lies a vast difference between this and their real use—that of stern necessity—by the Northland settler and white and Indian hunter and trapper, as well as in the lumber camps and as a general means of transportation. Canada has during the past few years made rapid strides in the direction of settlement, and New Ontario has been in everybody's eye as a result of the Cobalt boom and her mineral belt. But with the new roads of steel cutting west and north, and the accompanying result of quick transit into the wilderness north of Lake Nipissing, once the railway is left, canoes in summer and snowshoes in winter are just as vitally necessary as they were twenty years ago. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and no doubt the Indian who fashioned the first pair of snowshoes had this idea in his head, in its Indian form, when he hit upon the idea.

All along the Height of Land, in Northern Ontario and Quebec, and in the New Brunswick woods, as well as in the Mackenzie Basin and the Great Slave Lake Country and the Yukon the shoe is in daily use among these isolated settlers and trappers and lumbermen, just as heavy footgear is among our city business men. And it is up here that their real use is demonstrated.

The shoe's makeup varies somewhat in the different localities. In New Brunswick their common use is by the guides, who spend their winters trapping at their lonely camps. The following description given me by Imhoff Brothers, well-known guides and trappers of that province, is worthy of summary:

Either ash, birch, or maple is used in constructing the bows, the preference of woods being birch, ash and maple in the order named. Second growth birch is more easily obtained than either of the other two woods, is more easily made into the frames, and stands much more bending before breaking, as well as harder usage on rough country; but the maple will outwear either of the others, because when dry the wood is much harder. They also state that in New Brunswick two pair of shoes are used by the trappers. During the first part of the winter, when the snow averages from 24 to 30 inches in depth and the underbrush is not all covered up, while the snow is light and fluffy, a shoe 48 by 15 inches with extra heavy filling is used, while when the snow is settled, the storms over and the brush covered, a change is made to shoes measuring 44 inches by 14 inches; the filling in these latter are, however, also of good size as the softer weather has a tendency to wear it out very fast. Travelling is, during this second period, much easier, both on the man and his shoes. Several kinds of hides are used in making the "filling." Moose, caribou and deer skins, with the hair carefully and thoroughly removed make good fillers, but Imhoff Brothers claim that they have found young horse hide the best, while this estimate is repeated in a lengthy description of the snowshoe from Noel Bernard of the Green River country of Northern New Brunswick. Cowhide generally becomes baggy and is of little value. A hide is taken and the shape and size carefully noted; it is then cut, not heating the skin first as some do, then well soaked and stretched—stretched until it reaches the maximum limit; the better stretched the lighter the "filling is" and the tighter the snowshoe will keep. Down this way, too, they tie on the shoe differently from the system adopted by the Montagnais Indians of Quebec and the Wood Crees of Ontario's Height of Land and James Bay. They claim that the "Nason Clip" offers the best mode of tying. This consists of a toe-strap about one inch in width extending from side of the shoe to the other, right over the main stay and fastened down at both ends with but an opening large enough to permit of insertion of the toe; there is a buckle for adjustment. The foot straps proper are fastened under the main stay, cross over the toe and buckle round the foot. This system, it may be remarked, is used extensively by club members in Ottawa and Montreal also, and has proven very satisfactory indeed. For level country they frequently use just the toe strap which is fastened to a clip sewed on the moccasin. The New Brunswick toe bar is placed some six inches from the bow and the heel bar back ten inches farther.

The white settlers and trappers of Northern Ontario extensively use the "shanty" style of shoe, many using the "Nason Clip" system of tying on, others sticking to the old style of buckskin straps. These shoes give good service in wood travel, being very short and wide and enabling one to swing around trees at sharp angles. The Wood Crees and Chippewas use several shapes, principal among them being the beaver tail, long tail and egg-shape—the latter being nearest the "shanty" style. The Hudson's Bay "special," having dimensions of 44 inches by 19 inches, as compared with the 42 inches by 19 inches of the Indians' egg-shaped, is almost the same shoe, but is slightly more curved in the bow.

Probably the most typical snowshoe of the North is that of the Montagnais Indian of Northern Quebec. They are altogether flat, allowing the toe hole to be placed further forward than in any other style, measuring from 30 to 37 inches in length with a width of from 18 to 25 inches—thus being a shorter, broader model than either the Ontario or New Brunswick shapes. The "filling" is of either moose or deer hide, the latter preferred, as it has proved itself beter material, especially in working over wet snow—or, in other words, because it will not sag and grow baggy. The framework is very rounded in shape, ending in a wide, full curve at the tail, or in some instances having but a wooden cross-piece band. The shapes are very similar to those of the North Ontario Indian save in the tails, and they are known by merely local names. The Montagnais take great pride in manufacturing their own snowshoes and turn out a finer article than that of either the Ontario Indian or the Nascaupee of Labrador. Birch and ash is used for the framework, and while the Indian turns these into shape and bends them together, his squaw laboriously cuts and nets the babiche. The three "knitted" parts make up a really remarkable piece of work, especially the two outside ones which are extremely fine woven. These, too, are frequently adorned with Indian designs worked in with colored strings.

Their smallest shoe measures some thirty inches in length by eighteen inches in breadth and is used commonly by the women for domestic work around the camps. These are heartshaped, finely knitted and show a careful makeup. Then come the real hunting shoe of the hunters and trappers, having a length of approximately 36 inches with a breadth of 30 inches and absolutely flat—ending with a beaver tail, from whence comes their local name of *"amiskuaro."* This shape gives them the advantage of carrying a maximum weight over deep, soft snow. The toe-hole in these, as compared with that particularly of the New Brunswick shoe, is especially worthy of remark. It is more extended crosswise than backward, being four inches wide and but two inches deep. Then, too, the plan adopted of tying on their shoes is typical of this people and the life they lead. They have the toe strap as do we in the club shoes, but here the resemblance ceases. Their heel strings—which are just two bands of skin—run back from the toe strap and these are tied permanently, after measurement of the foot is taken; there is nothing across the foot. This idea is simply an aid to rapidity in shoeing and unshoeing—the walker slipping his foot in or out, almost without any assistance from the hands. One naturally wonders how it is possible to keep one's foot in place with so slight assistance from these strings, but as in everything, practice is the great teacher, and one soon learns the "how of it." The main thing to remember is to *draw* these shoes when walking, not *shove* them ahead as the average club member does; this is the only way to keep the string over the heel and the toe from striking the forebar. Cross one shoe over the other by drawing up the the foot almost perpendicularly until this shoe is just ahead of the other. For heavy tramping in the real snowshoeing country of this Northland the superiority of these shoes has been convincingly demonstrated. Being wide, they are better in the deep and soft snow found here; being comparatively short—thirty-six inches—they are much more easily handled in thick woods where quick wheeling is imperative; with their abrupt tail they are better in the hilly country of the Montagnais's hunting grounds north of the Height of Land. In fact, I have seem them climb a hill, sticking their shoes into the snow one over the other, that offered an impossible ascent to ordinary club styles.

LEAVING ON A LONG JOURNEY.

George Elson, of Labrador fame, and party ready for the start for Hudson Bay with the mails, leaving Missanabie, on the C. P. R. They have caches of provisions at regular intervals along the route, placed by canoe in summer all the way to James's Bay.

The Montagnais averages perhaps twenty-five miles in a day's tramp, but a forced tramp may reach as high as thirty-five or even forty miles, depending, of course, on conditions of the weather. A heavy head wind, mild weather and soft snow would necessarily lower this. George Elson, who, it may be remembered, was with that ill-fated trip of Hubbard in 1903 to Labrador, carries the mail from Missanabie north to the Hudson's Bay Company posts on the James Bay, and he has covered thirty miles in a day's tramp over country which is about as "hard-going" as exists. I know of a Wood Cree that claimed to have covered forty miles of this same country, but his statement was not verified, to my knowledge.

Some people will quite coolly remark that "snowshoeing is easy to learn—*very* easy." Perhaps it is easy to *tumble* over ground with a killing waste of energy, as so many of our club members do it, but to be able to manipulate the gut strung shoes as the shut-mouthed men of the North do, to acquire that easy, lurching stride, so tireless, so conservative of muscle and strength, is altogether another proposition, and one not solved with one's after-dinner cigar. It is this latter ability, this real use of the snowshoe, that the North white and Indian trapper and lumberman has so thoroughly learned the secret of.

As a means of recreation their popularity of some years ago has yielded somewhat to the newer imported Canadian sport of skiing—and this latter is certainly an exhilarating form of winter exercise—but as a mode of covering the rough, forest-covered land of our real North, the snowshoe remains, and always will remain, a necessity which no substitute can take the place of. As a means of transit in that country during the long, cold winter months with their deep, drifted snows, their use is as vitally necessary as is heavy clothing and dogged perseverence.

The expression, "Painting the town red," has been traced to "The Divine Comedy." Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place swept by a mighty wind where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. "Who are ye?" cries Dante in alarm, and Francesca replies sadly, "We are those who have painted the world red with our sins."

A DISTRIBUTOR OF DESTRUCTION

BY J. A. McNEIL

IF his long, lean, angular frame and thin, shrewd face were not sufficient indications of his nationality, his nasal accent would have betrayed him the moment he spoke. And if, perchance, further evidence were demanded, the matter of his speech, his patronizing air toward things Canadian, and his easy, good humored contempt for all that part of the world situated outside the borders of the United States, would have furnished "confirmation strong as Holy Writ." He was a Yankee. Moreover, he belonged to the calling which more than all others calls for assurance and "slickness." He was a drummer.

We sat together on the station platform at Barrie, he awaiting the north-bound noon train, I passing idly one of the hours of a belated vacation week. Before us lay the moonlike expanse of Kempenfeldt Bay, stretching almost from our feet to the opposite shore where Allandale's hills looked down upon its unromantic railway yards and grimy shops, while farther to the east, wisps of white mist marked where Lover's Creek emptied its lazy current into sparkling waters of the bay. The season was late October, the time of the yearly recurrence of the miracle of the herring. All spring and summer the dainty silver fish hide themselves from the ken of man, but when late autumn comes, Kempenfeldt Bay is suddenly one day alive with millions of shiny forms, flashing through the water in pursuit of the billions of tiny fry whose survivors will in turn be full-grown fish and prey upon their successors.

The Yankee and I had but to gaze at the wharf a hundred yards away, with its double line of anglers sitting and standing about its edge, to see the silver bodies streak through the air, a dozen to the minute, as the greedy fish swarmed about the minnow-baited hooks. Half-a-mile from shore, a cluster of rowboats showed where another school of herring was running thick and biting fast.

If you are a native of Barrie, a resident, an ex-resident or even a sojourner for a few weeks, the belief that there is not a fairer sheet of water in the whole world than Barrie Bay becomes part of your creed. Therefore, I made a bromidian remark about the beauty of the scene.

My Yankee acquaintance admitted that it was very pretty, but proceeded to name a dozen lakes, all, of course, in his own country, which, for scenic loveliness had every other lake in the world looking like puddles in a worn-out asphalt roadway. He improved the occasion by proceeding to make an invidious comparison between "the States" and my own beloved country, overawing me by the sheer weight of his seventy millions of countrymen, and proving to his own satisfaction the inestimable superiority of his own country commercially, politically and otherwise.

I ventured to remark that Canada had in square miles a larger area than his own land.

He eyed me doubtingly, and answered guardedly that if it was so, two-thirds of it was rock or ice, and would never be worth the powder to blow it to fragments. "Fragments" was not the word he used, but, like Mercutio's wound, 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

All this was ten years ago, before Cobalt was discovered or the American exodus began to the promised land of the Canadian West, so there was nothing I could say to convince him of his mistaken estimate of our potentialities.

In self-defence I turned the talk to his own affairs, and asked what samples he carried in the black bag which reposed on the platform between his feet.

"Feel the weight of it, but don't drop it," was his reply.

I started to lift the small grip, but almost disobeyed his injunction, so unexpectedly heavy was it.

"What have you, pig-iron or Talmage's sermons?" I asked.

"Cartridges and dynamite," he answered, with a grim smile.

I eyed the bag with a respectful and apprehensive glance, for it was my first acquaintance at short range with the useful but deadly explosive.

"How much do you carry?" I queried.

"Enough to turn this station into a large, yawning hole in the earth," he rejoined. "If you don't believe me, kick it and see."

I assured him that I was willing to take his word for it. To-day I know that he was deceiving me, for some years later in a Western Ontario town I saw the excavation made by a half-carload of dynamite which went off at half-cock, and that hole was only about twenty feet in diameter. Still, it would have been an ungracious sign of disbelief to have accepted his challenge, and I have always been glad that I did not kick the bag.

"Isn't it rather an uncomfortable thing to travel with?" I asked.

"Well, it is," he said. "But I do not travel with it any more than is necessary. I leave it in the hotel office at night, and whenever I board a train I lay it gently in a corner of the smoking car and then go back to the last coach on the train. The more coaches there are, the better I am pleased. I rarely smoke on the train, myself. But I'd be sorry for the men in the smoking car if we got in a smash-up."

Just then the train, after puffing its way around the horseshoe curve from Allandale, drew into the station, and I had no opportunity to point out the ethical wrong of exposing the innocent travelling public to a danger which my travelling friend so sedulously shunned himself. I doubt if my opinions would have borne any weight with him. We exchanged the careless farewells of a chance meeting, and he went blithely on his mission of distributing the concentrated extract of Gehenna.

Perhaps that Yankee was but kidding me. Perhaps there was nothing more deadly in his little grip than bottled tooth-wash, or a *de luxe* edition of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," or assorted cards of hooks and eyes. Or, if he really did travel for explosives, did he need to carry a full line of samples? I know if I were a retail vendor of dynamite I would not insist on biting the sample, ringing it on the counter, touching a match to it, or otherwise testing its flash point, specific gravity and proportion of alcohol.

I read a great many papers every day. I have to do it in my business. If I ever run across an account of a train wreck which was followed by a mysterious explosion which wiped out the smoking car and a portion of the right-of-way, I will conclude that my cadaverous friend has had to walk to the nearest station and telegraph for more samples.

On the Jericho Road.

AS I passed down the road to Jericho, my head was high,
Full was my pack—of self-conceit and vanity,
My cap was on my crown, my feather tipped in air,
I hummed a tune and thought that all was well.

But then there came upon me one with curly head,
Whose bow ('twas shaped like Chloe's lips) shot me with arrows
Keen as the glances from her eyes, which hurt me sore,
And one who mocked, one bright eye showing from a cowled face,
And there they left me by the road to moan and cry.

A Priest passed by upon the other side, but I'd no need of Priest,
With none to wed, nor humor to confess. A Levite also passed
(But I'd had levity before, more than enough),
But none there came to ease my wounds and put me on my horse.

At last came Father Time, that Good Samaritan, who picked me up,
Put oil into my wounds, gave food and drink and cheering words,
And sent me on my way, with cap and feather picked from out the dust.

So now I'll on to Jericho, where in the mart I'll sell my goods,
I'll find the jade who threw me down, and then the Priest;
I'll flout them both, the Priest for loss of fee,
And Chloe for the dowry that she missed,
Oho! ho! I'll on again to Jericho.

—Julian Mallinger, in January Smart Set.

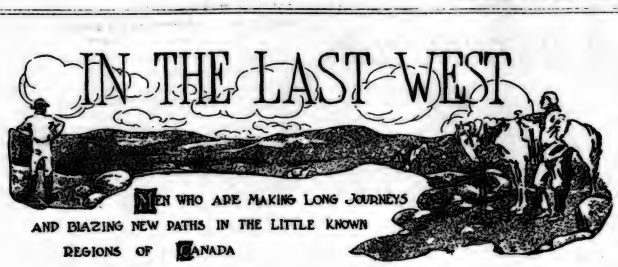
The Breakfast Habit.

THE breakfast recently given by the Lord Chancellor of England to about three hundred guests in the House of Lords reminds us of a social function that has fallen into disuse. No one now issues invitations to breakfast except in obedience to ancient custom, as in the present instance. For the most part (says The Argonaut) we are too bad-tempered at the breakfast hours to extend or to receive the amenities of hospitality. The library of the House of Lords was assigned to the judges and the smoking-room and dining-room to king's counsel and other legal luminaries. A great array of every kind of sandwich loaded the table, but the dish most in evidence was chicken and ham. Champagne, hock, and claret cups were available, though it was noted that the beverage most favored by the legal world was iced coffee. The Lord Chancellor's breakfast, which is eaten standing, is an institution which goes back to the days of the versatile Brougham. For the last forty years it has been held in the House of Lords, but at an earlier date it was given in the Lord Chancellor's residence. It is a relic of the times when breakfast was a great social function. In the early years of the nineteenth century the breakfasts of the poet Rogers were famous as the rendezvous of wits and literary personalities.

Many other great men of that period had what may be termed the breakfast habit. Thus Mr. Gladstone was a regular giver of breakfasts and a constant attendant at them when given by others. Of recent years, however, the breakfast has fallen into desuetude as a social function, except at the universities, where young men are still found who are capable of consuming three or four courses and the while maintaining a genial flow of elegant conversation. Recently an attempt has been made to revive the breakfast. Thus the King in 1907 at Newmarket issued several invitations to breakfast parties. To our ancestors the meal was a solid one, of many dishes of meat, qualified by sack possets or small beer, the ancient equivalent of soda water. Tea was not invented and coffee was only to be found in the mediæval analogue of the modern museum.

THE TOY DOG CRAZE.

The latest fad in fashionable circles in England is the craze for toy dogs. The smaller and more helpless these little creatures are the more they are valued. One dog recently changed hands for the enormous price of £60 an ounce. Our photograph shows the proud owner of a fashionable dog on the way to a toy dog show in London.



AN interesting visitor in Toronto this week was Mr. Donald Gillies, Hudson's Bay Company factor at Fort George. Mr. Gillies, who left that post last August, is on his way to Scotland, and will sail by the company's supply boat. When interviewed by one of the daily papers he was reticent as becomes a Hudson's Bay Company man. But his reticence was significant. Asked for his opinion concerning the possibilities of the Hudson's Bay region, which the Government proposes to open up by means of transportation facilities, he said that officially he would not say that the country was good for much but the fur trade, or that the proposed route through the bay to Europe would be a good one. The Great Company, of course, holds the opinion, born of desire, that fur trading is all that region is fit for. Speaking to a representative of The News he said:

"Of course Canadians have opened up and settled a lot of country that was never thought to be good for anything, and it is hard to say what they might do."

"I don't think it is a good route—but then I can't say what I do think about it. You understand my position."

"What sort of settlement is there at Fort George?" the reporter asked.

"Well, there's the missionary and his wife and the clerk at the Fort, and my wife and son, together with half a dozen Scotch half-breeds who are servants of the company, besides the agent and a few servants at the post of the rival fur-trading company, the French Company, Revillon Brothers. When we gather everybody in at a church service, as we sometimes do, we can muster about thirty souls."

"The Indians do not live at the place," he added. "They live in the woods and continually move about. They just live about as they always did, and this free life is really the best for them. They seldom build a permanent dwelling, but always just a conical shaped tent or wigwam. When they start living in a permanent settlement they are careless about sanitation and disease nearly always springs up."

"Are the Revillon Brothers Company aggressive in the fur-trading business?" Mr. Gillies was asked.

"Yes, indeed they are. They have been in there now five years, and have made competition pretty keen between the two companies for the trade with the Indians. We have had to get a hustle on and get after the business, and the Indians are getting the whole benefit of the competition."

Mr. Gillies has been a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in Northern Canada for thirty years, and by his present trip he is getting his second glimpse of civilization during that period.

* * *

EDITOR HOUSTON of the Prince Rupert Empire says: The Empire would most willingly help bring girls and women to Prince Rupert if there was work for them when they arrived here. Three weeks ago it stated that a woman cook was wanted at the general hospital. A woman applied and was offered $25 a month. A Japanese cook is doing the work at $35 a month. This paper will not be used as a medium to bring people to Prince Rupert to work for less wages than are paid Chinese and Japanese. The Empire advocates making Prince Rupert white, but not by the methods that suit those who employ or who are in favor of employing Asiatics. If Prince Rupert is to be white, the wages paid must be white, not yellow.

* * *

MEDICINE HAT has as mild and balmy a climate as any point in the Canadian West. It persistently, however, gets the blame for all the cold weather of the continent. Here is the latest from the Buffalo News after last week's snowstorm:

"After this storm we guess that the American Paragraphers' Institution will know better than to monkey with Medicine Hat."

But the citizens of Medicine Hat should call an indignation meeting and get out an injunction against Judge, of New York. The Judge's rhymster, never having seen pictures of Medicine Hat citizens engaged in a game of baseball in January or picking cucumbers in March, has broken out into the following melody:

MEDICINE HAT

Oh, there's a spot I wot of where the Arctic winds blow free!
Every week they have a blizzard, and sometimes two or three;
The sun is ever hidden in a semi-frozen sky,
And a snowfall isn't counted less it's thirty-some feet high.
It's the place to wear a bearskin and snowshoes, broad and flat—
Medicine Hat!
Rearing, tearing Medicine Hat!

It's a cold-storage station, many miles from anywhere,
With a weather man, some Injuns, and perhaps a polar bear.
What goes on there in summer, why, no one seems to know,
But there's always something doing when the north winds start to blow;
For here's the place old Winter is sure of standing pat—
Medicine Hat!
Blustering, flustering Medicine Hat!

So watch the weather signals when the sky is overcast,
And if you see the cold-wave flag a-flying from the mast,
Just read the yellow bulletin and see if it don't state,
"A howling blizzard's coming at a sixty-five-mile gait."
And if you look the message o'er, you'll see it's dated at—
Medicine Hat!
Snowy, blowy Medicine Hat!

* * *

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW, writing in The Winnipeg Telegram, tells the following story, which he says could not be told of any district but the Red River Valley. And no other race of people but the Highland Scotch, he adds, could have perpetuated a distinctively racial peculiarity down through succeeding generations even unto the point when through marriage the original Celtic strain of blood had become the least of many. Here is the story:

A year or so ago there appeared an advertisement in an Inverness newspaper and an Edinburgh journal calling upon the heirs of a certain Donald Mc——, of a specified parish in the Highlands to communicate with a firm of solicitors in Scotland

A PRAIRIE FLOWER.
This is a snapshot photo of Miss Helen Marjorie Sharon, the year and a half old daughter of Mr. Maurice W. Sharon, of the Department of Public Works, Regina, Sask. She is picking flowers in the gardens of the Provincial Legislative Building, her home. Born in Regina, she is a real prairie flower, like the others in the picture.

and they would hear of something to their advantage.

As much by accident as by anything else a Winnipeg business man who was, as was his father for two generations, a native of Manitoba, saw this advertisement and knowing almost all the native white families of the Red River, called somewhat in the spirit of jest the attention of a fellow business man in Winnipeg to it.

"I believe that was the parish my great grandfather did come from," was the somewhat surprising answer. "I shall go down to the old homestead some of these days and look up the old family papers."

He did, and after over a year's correspondence, advertisement and investigation the affair culminated in one of the most unique family gatherings that has ever been reported.

"I have heard it contended," said the Winnipeg lawyer, who had the conduct of the family settlement on this side of the Atlantic, "that there were at least several tens of thousands of people who could claim descent from William the Conqueror, and that practically one-half of the native-born of the British Isles were of Royal or noble descent, but I thought it was merely an assertion of advanced radicalism. The settlement of the division of a little freehold estate in Scotland among the heirs of a man who died only ninety years ago has convinced me of the possibilities of eight or nine centuries and the claims of noble lineage."

From the casual perusal of that advertisement and the consequent search for heirs in North America, for the land laird of nearly a century were those of the wayward young son, who in the recklessness of youth had taken service of the Hudson's Bay Company nearly a century ago, and at middle age had settled down in one of the river parishes of the Red River.

The reports of the inheritance in the way of human nature had been greatly exaggerated so inquiry as to possible heirs was facilitated and with Celtic and Indian persistency, mental record of kinship extending over the years had been loosely preserved.

When the gathering for the final settlement took place, among the heirs was a white-faced, frock-coated Presbyterian minister, a long-haired Sioux Indian from a Dakota reserve, a swampy Indian half-breed, a decorous clerkly looking Winnipeg business man, a Prince Albert fur trader, an Edmonton rancher, a French half-breed (the son of one of Riel's lieutenants in the Red River rebellion), a doctor of medicine from an Eastern city, a Western real estate dealer, two Indians of St. Peter's Reserve, a Hudson's Bay packet runner, several ladies who might be called society leaders, and others. Some were pure white, without the slightest drop of Indian blood in their veins, while others were almost entirely of Indian blood.

The assets of the estate when divided, amounted to a comparative trifle to each individual, and there were indications pending the settlement that questions might be asked regarding the validity of Indian marriages, etc., until it was remarked by the Winnipeg lawyer that a collateral branch of the family in Scotland, an hereditary enemy of the clan, would in case of a dispute among the heirs in this country, press its claim vigorously and—a friendly settlement followed. The parson returned to his manse, the doctor to his laboratory, the rancher to his farm, the Indians to the long trails of the yet lone land of the north to tell, it may be, of the young scapegrace Highlander that enlisted in the Hudson's Bay Company nearly an hundred years ago.

* * *

A DESPATCH from Vancouver refers to the lease of Stanley Park which has been granted to that city by the Dominion Government. A perusal of the document shows that any possible hold which it was hoped the city might obtain on Deadman's island has been prevented by the wording of the lease. It specifies that the property covered is that known as Stanley Park and further specifically alludes to the Ludgate lease by the statement that the city control is limited through its being subject to any existing leases of portions of the lands described.

The provisions of the lease include the right of the department of militia to take over the tract at any time its use may be deemed necessary for military purposes, and the granting of licenses to sell spirituous liquors with the property without the specific consent of the Dominion authorities is forbidden. With the consent of the Dominion authorities the city may cut trees, quarry stone or undertake such works as are necessary in connection with the extension of its water system within the park.

A Trip with Wilbur Wright.

AN account of a brief trip in Wilbur Wright's aeroplane at Le Mans, France, is contributed to The Autocar (London) by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, an English aeronaut of wide experience. This account is valuable as a temperate narrative by an expert who indulges in no heroics, but yet places the value of the Wrights' accomplishments in aviation very high. Says Mr. Rolls:

"After experience with every form of locomotion, including cycle and motor racing, a voyage in a dirigible balloon of the French Army, and over one hundred and thirty trips in an ordinary balloon, there is nothing so fascinating or so exhilarating as flying. It gives one an entirely new sense of life. The power of flight is as a fresh gift from the Creator, the greatest treasure yet given to man, and one, I believe, destined to work great changes in human life as we know it to-day."

His narrative of the "flight" runs as follows:

"The roar of the engine commenced, the starting weights were reduced, and off we went with a bound, but not a worse one than when starting on a switchback. Before reaching the end of the rail we had left it and were in the air; we were now flying.

"Once clear of the ground the feeling of security was perfect, and I was able to watch with great interest the movements of the operating levers. We tore along at forty miles an houf, and soon came to the first corner. Here a point of interest to motorists was demonstrated, viz., that, no matter at what speed a curve is taken, the machine 'adjusts its own banking,' so to speak; at the will of the operator it tilts up gracefully when taking a turn, and is therefore equivalent to a motor-car tilting up the road in front of it, so that it is always 'banked' to just the correct angle to suit the speed at which the curve is taken, all liability to skid outward being thus avoided. Those accustomed to motor-racing on road or track will appreciate the effect of this, which is that taking a curve on a flying machine will, instead of being more dangerous, be actually safer than on an automobile.

"On this occasion our flight was more than usually interesting by reason of some strong side-gusts that attacked the flyer on certain parts of the course, and we were flying at what Mr. Wright told me was the most difficult altitude, viz., just below the tops of the trees

"The prevalence of these and other 'undulations' of the atmosphere rendered very close attention necessary to the two levers controlling the equilibrium and altitude. I noticed that both these were kept constantly on the 'joggle' with slight movements.

"One has been accustomed to consider the atmosphere as a mass of air, decreasing in density with its altitude, but otherwise uniform. Experience on a power-driven flyer, however, shows that, far from this being the case, the atmosphere near the earth's surface, even in what we call calm weather, is made up of spiral movements of varying diameter (sometimes vertical and sometimes horizontal), undulations of all sorts, little hills and valleys, and 'streams' of air—in fact, one might call it a new 'world' conquered by man, a world with 'scenery' of great variation, which, though invisible to the eye, is none the less felt by the operator of a flying machine.

"To maintain equilibrium and steering control while battling with these complex movements of the air has been the great problem which for centuries has baffled human ingenuity, and which is now solved by the Wright brothers after years of systematic study and experiment."

Going on, Mr. Rolls states his belief that the Wright flyer is the only type of machine controllable against side-winds and spiral currents. These can, of course, be avoided to a large extent by flying high, but the disturbing currents near the ground must be encountered before landing. To quote further:

"Sometimes we flew above the trees, sometimes we flew three feet off the ground, entirely at the will of the operator, who thus showed the most perfect control over his machine that any one could imagine. The side-gusts and varying currents which we encountered at times caused gentle dipping motions not unlike a switchback, but always under complete control.

"Our speed in the early morning caused tears to roll down our cheeks, but with goggles on one would have no difficulty in reading a map, making notes, or taking photographs, etc.

"After a flight of several miles a descent was begun for landing (for a moment the thought of a bag of ballast instinctively came to my mind); at the right moment the engine was stopped, and we came to ground so gently that I found it impossible to tell exactly when the runners first touched the surface. On landing we skimmed along the surface rather like a toboggan, coming to a standstill a few yards from our starting point.

"The sensation of flight was novel and delightful, and the fact of accomplishing what several eminent scientists have 'proved' impossible gave also an added satisfaction.

"With regard to the 'art' of flying, Mr. Wright and his machine seem to work together as one unit. The management of a machine of this kind in breezy weather, however, is not at all easy; at the same time it can only require patience and careful practice before any intelligent man possessed of coolness and good judgment can learn it."

The Conquest of the Air.

FOR sale—ten thousand hansoms
And a million motor cars.
We've simply got
To clear the lot
Before we start for Mars!
We're selling them at prices
That will fairly strike you dumb;
For the aeroplane is coming,
And it's simply got to come!

For sale—a million coaches,
Of rolling-stock the flower,
That, engine-hauled,
Discreetly crawled
At sixty miles an hour.
That pace may suit the tortoise
Or the antiquated snail,
But only old back numbers
Go nowadays by rail!

Who'll buy a thousand liners,
To sail across the sea?
There may be lots
Whom thirty knots
Will suit. It won't suit me!
I mean to have an airship,
And then I'll start—Hooray!
To race the lurid lightning
Across the Milky Way!

The horse—his days are numbered,
The motor soon must pass
To silent sleep
Upon the heap
Where iron's scrapped, and brass.
All kinds of locomotion
Are simply dead and gone,
All save the arrowy airship
That zepples swiftly on.

For sale—some Channel steamers,
The cheapest ever known.
The turbine-boat
No more will float
'Twixt Folkestone and Boulogne.
Embarking at the Flip-Flap,
You'll find, in half-an-hour.
Across the sea, in gay Paree,
You'll reach the Eiffel Tower!

—Modern Society (London).

Familiar Quotations from John Milton.

WE are reminded by an exchange that John Milton, the three hundredth anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated, coined many phrases which have become a familiar part of the English language. The following are only a few of these phrases:

"Trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe."

"The cynosure of neighboring eyes."

"The busy hum of men."

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

"The need of some melodious tear."

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

"That last infirmity of noble minds."

"Fresh woods and pastures new."

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

"The gorgeous East."

"That bad eminence."

"His tongue dropped manna."

"A pillar of state."

"Sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

"The gay notes that people the sunbeams."

"Long is the way and hard that out of hell leads up to light."

"He for God only, she for God in him."

"The cricket on the hearth."

"The tale of Troy divine."

"A dim religious light."

"Where more is meant than meets the ear."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"License they mean when they cry liberty."

"Make the worse appear the better reason."

"Justify the ways of God to men."

"The height of this great argument."

"Out of good still to find means of evil."

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Valambrosa.

"Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only be."

"Tears such as angels weep."

"Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe."

"Evil, be thou my good."

"Imparadised in one another's arms."

"Not to know me argues yourselves unknown."

"This universal frame."

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

"Man will eventually go by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific in two days." "I once did it in five hours and then kicked about the slow time." "Where, pray, did this happen?" "In Panama."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PURE RICH
AN IMPERIAL BEVERAGE
SYMINGTON'S
COFFEE ESSENCE
OF ALL GROCERS.
LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1013 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and.
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TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING!
G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY
The most exquisite Dry Champagne imported,
SELECTED BRUT
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.
There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.
Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by
His Majesty King Edward VII
His Majesty The German Emperor
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria
His Majesty The King of Italy
His Majesty The King of Sweden
His Majesty The King of Denmark
His Majesty The King of the Belgians
His Majesty The King of Spain.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. D. Coulson and Mr. A. E. Kemp.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE
FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - - 1881 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

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New Steamers of the Allan Line
will provide a regular service between St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and Liverpool, during the winter season of navigation.

CORSICAN GRAMPIAN — HESPERIAN TUNISIAN

are classed amongst the steadiest ships afloat. Superior cuisine, heating arrangements, ventilation, etc., ensure comfort to passengers. These steamers are, in fact, the result of over fifty years experience of the requirements of the Canadian route.

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Only line landing passengers in New York City.

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Round trip tourist tickets on sale to all principal Winter Resorts.

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GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

MADE FROM LONG SOFT FULL-LENGTH FIBRES OF AUSTRALIAN WOOL
ALWAYS ELASTIC & COMFORTABLE

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The C. TURNBULL Co.
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FEARMAN'S
STAR BRAND
BACON
Delicious, Appetizing

Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy o the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

HERE'S wishing you all a happy New Year, just in case I forget it at the end of the column. A New Year in which the dissatisfied shall be filled with plenty and the contented brim over with good things, in which the crooked goer shall realize that straight paths are quickest and least wearing, and the coward that there is very little to be afraid of, if one be not afraid of oneself; to the weary and heavy laden the suggestion that most of our burdens are self imposed and packed; to the young that all things may be theirs, and to the old that all things mean only a very few, when their value has been tested. But to every one the wish for more love and patience and tolerance and appreciation of the fact that there's oceans of good in life if we knew where and how to find it. The where and how is often only discovered after many mistaken efforts, but its worth hunting for.

One needs broad sympathy more than any other thing, if one would secure the biggest amount of happiness. That's such a crude old time-worn thought, that I am almost ashamed to pen it, but really so few seem to believe in it that it may be excusable to remind them it really is, Narrowness blights the soul and dwarfs the tree of joy. We all know peevish, self-centered, unhappy mortals who drag a chain of complaints and grievances jangling in tune to their steps. And, glory be! we also know the wide broad free minds that cannot grovel, and have not time for self except the great self of the wide Universe, the self that is everyone and everything, the self that is God!

I regret that I cannot enthuse over Longboat, who has temporarily bested little Dorando. I fancy the best friends of the Indian will wish him less laurels and more self-control. He is up against the white man, whose touch is the death of his people, whose congratulations make him drunk, not with pride but with what is far more destructive. Tom Longboat has all his life to live, and we all know how long life is, after the shouting has ceased and the disconcerting quiet surrounds us like a fog of discouragement. The way folks are treating the private life, the sacred events, and the general concerns of the Indian just now makes me tired. He has covered twenty-six miles in quicker time than one other, a man of the South. He has the traditions and inheritance of endurance and speed. Let us try and remember that the ways of the ring in Gotham, the sweethearts fainting at defeat and helping victory are not Sport as she is made at home.

We were watching our Christmas tree, all twinkling with many-lined candles in the dark room, when the thought of what a wonder of suggestion a burning candle is, came to me. It glows while it lasts, at the end it is gone, absolutely gone, with no residue but our memory of its light. Such a complete sacrifice for a few moments of cheerful help and service, for the gladdening of a merry crowd of babies, for the helping of some toiler at the task, for the cheering of some wakeful sufferer, for the beacon to some late way-farer. It burns, it shines, consuming itself in our service, and, most awesome and searching thought of all, it has vanished, leaving not a vestige of itself, an offering so sublime in its completeness.

Talking of the Christmas tree, you should have seen the gracious politeness, the gentle dignity of our "little Lady Gay," queen of the feast, in her white frock, and forgetfulness of two sleepless nights from cutting "doubles." Her guests were varied in station and garb, from the snug and prettily-dressed little girls of well-to-do workers, to the smudgy-faced third generation who disbelieve in soap and water. A wise pretty little grandaughter brought her gran' ma, whose broad smile and rich brogue wakened the hearty laughter that always rings in the key of B natural. And there was the poor little old Kerry 'ooman, tremulously gulping her "tay" and praising and blessing everybody, the brave little old grandma, who is working yet, and she on toward eighty. I hope I see that old Kerry 'ooman in a golden crown some day—(won't she be a sight?) instead of the rakish old head-gear which now perches uncertainly on her small amount of thatch, and that she'll have plenty of "tay," hot and strong, where she is going. One fails to be spiritual in ones wishes for poor souls whose material needs shriek through their brave staunch screen of philosophy. And the nice-mannered old bachelor who lives all alone, and who essayed a mild flirtation with one little miss, and triumphantly hoisted her on his knee, and cuddled her brazenly. And the fathers and mothers, proud justly of their bonnie broods, and the dainty little lady who dispensed the gifts from the tree, comforted the impatient, solaced the sleepy and bucked up the shy babies, they all looked good to me, but above all, the little lady in whose honor the tree began last Christmas, and who was so beautifully mannered and so composed, and who whispered confidentially to me when she found a quiet moment, "Tiss me, Tiss me, Auntie Gay," and turned her little pink cheek in a way that would have floored St. Anthony at the first effort. The weird fruit on the tree, the clatter of the silver and china as the elder folk took their five o'clocker, the wrapping up and the farewells! it was all very sweet and Christmassy, and more's the pity it only comes once a year. As for what Santa brought to "Old" Lady Gay, well, you'd never believe unless you saw, and that, of course, you never will, but it has been a good Christmas for her all right!

LADY GAY.

In No Strange Land.

"The Kingdom of God is within you."

O WORLD invisible, we view thee;
O world intangible, we touch thee;
O world unknowable, we know thee;
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

—Francis Thompson, in The Athenæum (London).

For the Cry of a Little Child.

I DREAMED of a legion of women, who waited with eyes aglow
In the shadow of Loves Forgotten, by the Ports of Long ago;
I dreamed of a legion of women whose faces were tenderly mild—
And hark! In the night I heard it—the cry of a little child!

I looked on the waiting women through the mist of a thousand years;
And some of their eyes were smiling and some were suffused with tears.
Yet they sang as a choir in training, and the song of the waiting throng
Was the old, old cry to Heaven: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

I dreamed of a legion of women who stood in a driving rain;
Who raised their voices singing, yet sang but one refrain;
I looked on the waiting women, and their faces were white and wild—
And hark! In the night I heard it—the cry of a little child!

—Alfred Damon Runyon, in December Smart Set.

A young woman entered a crowded street-car with a pair of skates on her arm. An elderly gentleman at once arose and offered her his seat.

"Thank you very much," she said sweetly, "but I don't care about sitting down; I've been skating all afternoon."—Harper's Weekly.

"What did Howard do when he found they were going to arrest the owners of motors, and not the chauffeurs, in all cases of exceeding the speed limit?" "He put every car he owns in his wife's name."—Brooklyn Life.

The Late Comer (anxiously)—"How far have they got with the programme?"

Major Stymie (an ardent golfer)—"Seven up and two to play."—Harper's Weekly.

"Representative Audiences"

The observant person who goes to theatres in Toronto will have noticed that a truly "representative audience" seldom assembles at even the most high-class of our play-houses. How often do you go to a local theatre and find an audience composed of the city's leaders in thought, in the professions, in the financial circles—an audience genuinely representative of life here as it is lived by those who know what is worth while in life? Perhaps once, perhaps three or four times during a season. Probably the same is true, generally speaking, of every city in America. The dramatic critic of The Argonaut, of San Francisco, had something to say last week on this point. David Warfield had been in San Francisco and had played "The Music Master" before large audiences, composed of all classes of people, but largely of discriminating people. This play at the leading theatre there was followed by "One Summer's Day," a pleasant but colorless, unstimulating offering. And this prompted The Argonaut critic to indulge in some reflections. These reflections are so good that I feel that some of them ought to be given here. To quote:

Many people are entirely out of the theatre-going habit. They ordinarily no more think of taking in the theatres than they think of going to a meeting of the stock board.

What, who, constitutes the ordinary theatrical audience at the humdrum, routine performances that languidly serve to keep the theatres open during the interludes between high-water mark attractions?

Apparently it is young people either in the tentative or the sentimental stage of courtship, who feel the necessity of escaping from the raillery of the family circle to the comparative solitude of crowds. Or is it young married people who, not yet pinned to the hearthstone by the cares of child-rearing, experience a sense of blankness when the day's work is over, and intellectual communion does not seem to spring up with sufficient spontaneity to keep them satisfied at home.

Then, of course, there are the extempore festal parties—celebrants of birthdays or other family anniversaries, who only go to the theatre to make holiday on such occasions. There is also the bored tourist, who must escape from himself, and from the vicinity of his hotel bedroom. There are, too, lonely spinsters, who join forces, and, while losing themselves in the mimic love stories of stageland, renew a sense of romance in their metaphorically dusty hearts.

There are even old bachelors, who, deprived of a legitimate vent for the floods of sentiment within them—for old bachelors are often tenderly sentimental—look on with moistened eyes of sympathy, or perhaps with pishing, pshawing, contempt, at the sentimental follies of the footlight favorites.

But a "representative audience," in the true sense of the word, we rarely see. Truly it could be seen this week. There were doctors and lawyers, writers and financiers, artists and men of business. There were society dames, school-teachers and stenographers. There were people in society and out of it, the metropolitan and the suburbanite, who went or are going to see David Warfield.

But it is all the exception which only proves the rule. It is pleasant to see a buzzing audience assembling that has many interests, many ideas, many acquaintances in common. A community of interest extending over great numbers tends to exhilaration, a feeling that was even experienced by many during the days immediately following the great earthquake; and, indeed, many were saved from despair, and the weaker vessels perhaps from madness, by that reassuring sense of one great bond of common interest.

Yet in this metropolis of the West, this great and growing city which is the gateway of the Orient, the better class of theatre-goers have no common rallying-place, no favorite play-house, where they may see familiar faces, and, between acts, exchange opinions with familiar friends.

No doubt it is because it is the reign of triviality in the American stage. The better class of American theatre-goers are not catered to. Therefore they stay away. They have learned to dispense with theatrical entertainment only turning out occasionally when Mrs. Fiske, or the Henry Miller Company, or John Drew, or some such attraction is brought out. That we have had a lot of these high-class attractions lately does not do away with the fact that there are long seasons of dullness between times when there is nothing to be seen worth while.

This accustoms people who, under more favoring conditions, would regularly support the theatres, to dispensing with dramatic entertainment altogether, except when the owners of big reputations come and make it imperative that one should go for one's credit sake.

And these possible theatre-goers themselves are very culpable, often, through indolence and indifference, allowing attractions that are worthy of attention to pass unheeded, because they have not the commercial magnet of a big name.

In our city there are literary, artistic and professional people who are chained to their oars, being sometimes unable through a lifetime to find opportunity for travel. They never reach the great capitals of Europe, nor see the ideal performances of the master dramas. If all these people really wanted to keep abreast of the leading dramatic thought of the day, they would form a sufficiently formidable clientele to be catered to.

But they never will. Nobody takes the initiative. Theatre managers never run risks. Who can blame them? The "dead game sports" in the theatrical business are all in like the butchers and bakers, who never overload themselves with unsalable wares.

So we see pretty, rippling little plays like "One Summer's Day," which is a charming, ephemeral butterfly of a play. The pulse does not beat faster when seeing it, the brow does not knit, the heart never stands still in the absorption of interest. And, to recur to my original plaint, it seems light nourishment to proffer to palates that are hungering for something more vital. Here, in a city of nearly five hundred thousand inhabitants, when one wishes to see a play, a real play, a play of emotions, something "deep as love, deep as first love and wild with all regret," one looks over the ground and can only find "One Summer's Day."

A Question.

THE New-year comes with her radiant face,
Clad in white, like a waiting bride—
But she brings no word through the empty space,
No message has reached me since you died.

Was Death Life's ending, or did you go
To a realm so vast, and a task so high,
That you have forgotten this world below,
Where Life is a Dream, and the Dreamers die?

Shall I know, some day when a cold, still hand
Leads me, in my turn, from this transient sphere,
And guides me on to that Unseen Land,
Why you were taken, and I left here?

—Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper's Bazar.

Privacy.

To very many people, privacy is a sweet and precious condition, not to be forfeited without pangs. Such people, if they give it up, do so only under strong pressure of need, ambition or duty, and even then spare no more of it than their need or their purpose compels.

English dwellings, with high walls around their adjacent gardens, attest the prevalence in that island of the idea that it is a luxury to live out of sight of the passing crowd. In our land the outward evidences of that feeling have never been so noticeable, but even we have window shades and blinds and front doors, and provide for seclusion when we want it. How much of it we want, and how much we want it, is partly a matter of individual training and temperament, but largely of the manners and customs of the society we live in. Sometimes it seems as if the minimum of privacy was enough for us Americans, especially in the cities. It is true that, in spite of the current popularity of Japanese example, we still shut the door when we take a bath, but in the street cars we are wonderfully jumbled up together, and rather a large proportion of our city population lives in hotels.

Both of these phenomena, however, betoken with more certainty what we get than what we want. And it is true that most people who can afford to have their choice prefer cabs to the street cars, and their own houses to hotels. Along with increased command of money there seems to come increasing appreciation of privacy. The larger our incomes are, and the more we can indulge ourselves, the more we tend to so much of exclusiveness as consists in shutting out the crowd. Perhaps the English have been more private in their dwellings than the Americans because, being richer, they could better afford to be. Perhaps the Americans will come to shut themselves in more as they are better able to afford it.

Most luxuries are helpful and useful up to a certain point, and hurtful beyond it. No doubt it is so as to this luxury of privacy. One may grow better for having enough of it, and be stunted in development by being able to command too much.—Life.

"Yes, what is it?" demanded the manager of the pale man standing before his desk. The caller shifted his weight to the other leg and said:

"I'm going to blow my head off, because I'm tired of life, and I called to see if you wouldn't make me an offer to do the deed on the stage, paying the money to my family."

"Well," the manager replied, "that might prove an attraction. Suppose we give the act a try-out this evening? Then, if the audience takes to it, I'll be in a position to make you a definite offer for the season.—Harper's Weekly.

Mulligan—"The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure, he niver hurt iny man's feelin's." Harrigan—"He's a shnake in the grass. The blackgurd referred to me as his contimperary, and I'll be the contimperary to no man livin'."—Puck.

"How is young Chunkett getting on in college?" "Splendidly. He would have made the scrub team his first year if he hadn't been deficient in all of his studies."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stella—So your father handled him without gloves? Bella—Yes, and it would have been better for poor dear George if he had done it without shoes.—New York Sun.

Good Intentions
are good—but "doing it" is better.
You "have been intending to get a bottle of Abbey's Salt."
Very good! But *get it*—today—now—and be rid of that Stomach, Liver or Bowel Trouble from which you suffer. 22

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A KNIGHT FOR A DAY.

SING a song of sixpence,
A bucketful of rye,
Or, to be strictly truthful,
Of hampagne, extra dry.
With four-and-twenty song birds
To either dance or sing;
This "pi" is at the Princess,
If not before the king.

The chef is in the kitchen
Concocting some new sauce;
The waiter turning lawyer
Through a suit he's come across;
The leading man from Corsica
(This last is quite the rule),
So they all must come together
At a ladies' private school.

The funny lady slavey,
In her odd and crooked style,
Does some cracked and crooked singing,
As she smiles her curious smile.
Our home is now the kingdom
Of her very counterpart,
So we know her work is truthful
And the very highest art.

When first the curtain rises
Must the chorus sing and dance;
They're always ready for it
And they never miss a chance.
From every place of hiding
They spring out at the cue,
And their muscles never weary,
(Meaning vocal muscles, too).

The jests all have the flavor
Of an old-time almanac,
And the repartee is classic—
It dates such a long way back.
The music of this "comedy"
Sounds very like a score,
But a harder working chorus
Never tripped this way before.
—Ashtar.

* * *

THE change of policy at the Royal Alexandra Theatre will be inaugurated next week, when Manager Solman will present a dramatization by Marion Fairfax of "Mr. Crewe's Career," Winston Churchill's latest novel, which has proven one of the most remarkable literary successes of the year. In adapting the story to stage purposes Miss Fairfax retained the essential characters of the book, laying the first scene in the law office of Hilary Vane, the second in a pine grove at Fairview and the third in the private room of Hilary Vane adjoining the Convention Hall at the American Capital.

"Mr. Crewe's Career" is a remarkable picture of American political life—in one corner of the United States at least. As a character study it is perhaps unsurpassed by any other of Mr. Churchill's works, and it is an inspiring tale of love. In Humphrey Crewe, Mr. Churchill has drawn a character quite unlike any in his earlier novels, and yet after all it is not Mr. Crewe who is its hero. Miss Fairfax, even more so than Mr. Churchill, has given this distinction to Austin Vane, a man of high integrity who at the age of thirty returns from a sojourn in the West to the conventional town of his birth, in order that he might perhaps brighten the lonely life of his stern old father, Judge Hilary Vane. These two Vanes are as unlike in personality as well can be, and in consequence Austin, upon being admitted to the bar, makes his way unhampered by the opinions or the deeds of his father. As the play unfolds and it is learned that Hilary Vane has for many years been chief counsel for the Northeastern railroad, and that Austin decries that corporation's method of aggrandizement; also that for him Victoria, daughter of the railroad's president is the one woman in the world, it is not difficult to foresee the dramatic value of the interesting complications in the lives of all these people.

Comstock and Gest, the producers, have provided a metropolitan company, including the names of Fritz Williams, William Lewers, Herbert Carr, George C. Staley, Tully Marshall, Francis Sedgwick, Charles Green, Riley Chamberlain and Misses Molly Pearson and Gwendolyn Lowry, together with a new scenic investiture, especially made for "Mr. Crewe's Career." Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday. There will be no advance in prices.

* * *

"Paid in Full," will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre next week.

Judged from the standard of success this play is a notable dramatic achievement. Its record is a strong guarantee of its merit and interest. It ran nearly two years in New York and all summer in Chicago. It is classed with the successful plays, "The Thief," and "The Witching Hour."

"Paid in Full," is by Eugene Walter, a young playwright who was comparatively unknown until he came before the public with this piece, which gained him instant recognition as a dramatist of uncommon skill. It is a play of to-day and its vivid story is related by striking and well defined characters. It is not a problem play. Although the deeper emotions are depicted, there is a generous current of genuine comedy.

The story centres upon Joseph Brooks, an $18-a-week clerk, who is discontented with his lot and envious of his more fortunate fellows. He rails against the ill-fortune which forbids him from giving luxury to his young wife, Emma Brooks, who before her marriage was accustomed to greater comfort than he can afford. He is bitter against his employer, Captain Williams, for not advancing his salary, so he steals. The cheap Harlem flat is exchanged for an apartment hotel and a season of pleasure for the young wife. Then comes exposure. Brooks asks his wife to save him from prison. The course he imposes upon her is to bargain with Captain Williams not to prosecute him. He blames his wife for his dishonesty, telling her it was on her account that he stole. His taunts and recriminations induce her to go to Captain Williams alone at night. Here she is put to the test by the man who all his life has been rough, brutal and masterful, crushing everything and everybody that has opposed his will. Emma Brooks has known that Captain Williams felt an interest for her. On this night's adventure she discovers an unsuspected trait in the man, and she returns to her husband with the assurance that he will not be prosecuted for his thefts. She has discovered her husband's real character in this trying experience, and the end of the play is where she leaves him.

"Paid in Full" is in four acts; the time is the present, the place is New York, although the picture it portrays reflects life in any big American city. The Wagenhals & Kemper Co., producers of "Paid in Full," has assembled an excellent company for this play. Clara Blandick is Emma

CLARA BLANDICK.

In "Paid in Full," Eugene Walter's much talked of play, which comes to the Princess Theatre next week.

Brooks, the young wife; Lionel Adams is the husband, Joseph Brooks; Scott Cooper is Captain Williams. The other roles, it is said, are in capable hands.

* * *

One of the hits on the burlesque circuit is booked for next week at the Gayety Theatre, commencing with the usual matinee performance on Monday, in C. B. Arnold's "Fads and Follies" Company. The main feature of the engagement is a musical absurdity in two acts called "Flashlights of Broadway." A little of everything that is in vogue this season is worked through the action, which is funny and entertaining, and frequent catchy chorus numbers are handled by a big company of pretty girls. Variety acts will be presented by the Musical Bells, the Percy Troupe from London, Morris and Benson, May Walsh and Irvin Walton. Others in the company are Harry Hills, Arthur Williams, Johnny Morris, Allie Vivian, Belle Benson and Eva Van Osten.

* * *

SATURDAY NIGHT'S New York correspondent, J. E. W., in this week's letter, which appears elsewhere in the paper, refers in terms of high praise to J. M. Barrie's latest drama, "What Every Woman Knows." As to its production by Maude Adams and her company, he says:

Maggie, the heroine, is one of those quiet, unobtrusive little women so easily overlooked by the world of men. Up to the age of 26 she has been plainly overlooked in the matrimonial calculations of the eligibles in her neighborhood. One night Maggie and her brother surprise John Shand in the act of stealing education from their book-shelves. The brothers become interested in the ambitious young neighbor, and agree to contribute £300 a year for his education. With the Scotchmen's instinct for a bargain, however, they make it a condition of their help that he will marry Maggie as soon as he gets a start in life. John, a few years later, is elected to parliament, and subsequently cabinet honors are in store for him. Everything depends on a speech he is to make. At this juncture the hopelessly conceited young M.P. becomes enamored of some aristocratic friends. Maggie, still self-effacing, tells him all she knows and then lets him go to the country house of his friends to prepare his speech. The speech is disappointing, until Maggie takes it in hand and carries the day for John—and herself. For John's eyes are finally opened to the fact that his wife is the real power and that all his success is due to her. Maggie asks one more triumph, however, and that is to make John laugh. A sense of humor, as may be imagined, has been left out of John's compound. This introduces the now famous Barrie *mot*: "Woman was not made out of man's rib but out of his funny bone." In that witticism lies the text of the play if such a play of fancy can be said to have a text.

Miss Adams's identification with the delightful role of "Maggie" is not altogether complete although at times she is able to convey much of the charm, humor and pathos of the character. The same difficulty of supplying a perfect illusion seems to beset other members of the cast—a natural result perhaps of the transplanting process. In spite of these short-comings, however, the charming qualities of the play are too insistent to be ignored even in New York, and its run will be a long one.

* * *

"A Knight for a Day," the musical farce playing at the Princess this week is neither original nor brilliant—except at the point of costume colorings—but it provides a good evening's entertainment for people who go to the theatre looking for simple and rollicking merriment. The chorus is reeled on and off the stage in the old mechanical way. The songs in tune and flavor are pickings from popular ditties that have had their day. The jokes are also rather time-worn. But there is dash and color and jollity—very good things in themselves—and the "show" has been attracting good business all week. May Vokes is a good character artist in low comedy. She would make anybody laugh, and she deserves all the applause she gets, for she is naturally wholesome and likeable as well as funny.

* * *

George Ade, as is the custom of men mellow with success, has taken to relating his experiences while on the long and dusty road to fame. This is the story of his first attempt at playwriting, from his own lips:

I cannot recall that I ever did anything in the dramatic line until about ten years ago, when I submitted to May Irwin a little one-act play, entitled "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." Much to my surprise she accepted the play and sent me a check for $200. It seemed wrong to accept such a large sum for such a small manuscript, but I needed the two hundred and I kept it. Miss Irwin put the manuscript into her trunk and forgot about it.

Occasionally, during the last ten years I have been tempted to return the money to her, feeling that I had obtained it under false pretenses. Last winter she was in violent need of a one-act play to fill out an evening's entertainment, so she fished out my first effort and played it. Much to her surprise and much to mine, the little play was highly successful. I had always regarded it as the crude and amateurish attempt of a beginner, but the critics, who supposed that it had been written the week before, recognized in it a ripening improvement in technique, construction, sub-plot, etc. (which are understood only by critics), over certain other plays.

"Mrs. Peckham's Carouse" seemed to excite so little enthusiasm on the part of Miss Irwin that it was five years before I had the courage to take a second dip into the troubled waters of dramatic authorship with "The Sultan of Sulu."

* * *

The dramatic life of Japan, like everything else in that land, is being fast reformed after the European model. Until quite lately it was illegal for male and female actors to appear upon the stage at the same moment. As love is the great subject of plays in Japan, as elsewhere, this separation of the sexes in histrionic love-making produced the most ridiculous effects, to the uncontrolled amusement of the chance European spectator. A confession of love (notes a writer in The Travel Magazine) had to be made somewhat after the following manner. The Romeo of Japan comes along upon the stage. "Ah, my beloved Ya-Fa-Pau-Lu, when will you discover that 'tis you who are the sweet cause of all my pain?" He goes off to the right. The Juliet of Japan enters from the left. "And I, my dear Tsen-To-Perri, I love you, I love you!" She disappears. Romeo, reappearing on the stage: "Oh, my joy, I offer to you the sacrifice of a thousand thanks! But will you, sweet one, grant me the great favor which I now beg of you?" He retires. Juliet, after assuring herself that the stage is empty: "Certainly—I promise it before I ask what it is." She withdraws. Romeo, entering again: "Will you, my beloved, as a proof that you love me, bestow on me one little kiss?" He flies off rapidly. Juliet coming forward: "There—now you have it!" She runs away at full speed. Romeo, rushing wildly upon the stage: "Oh, my beloved!" Hereupon he opens his arms and passionately embraces the air. The excitement of the audience reaches the highest pitch, and everybody in the theatre is smiling or weeping.

* * *

A Parisian journalist recently wrote a rather unfavorable criticism of the performance of a well-known actress. The latter was keenly wounded, and watched for a chance to avenge herself.

She was one evening at the Varieties, with a young aristocrat for an escort, when she espied the critic. She had a package with her, which she requested her friend to deliver in person. The dandy rose and, taking the package, walked over to where the journalist was sitting with a party, and presented it to him, saying:

"Mademoiselle, who admires your talent, has requested me to present you with this souvenir from her."

The critic took it and opened it before his friends, who had heard the dandy's little speech. It contained about a dozen goose quills, and smiles and suppressed laughter went around.

But the critic was equal to the occasion.

"Ah, my dear sir," said he to the messenger, "please give my best thanks to the young lady for these pretty feathers. I was aware of the fact that she plucked her admirers, but I really did not imagine she did so on my account."

Another Year.

ANOTHER year has passed away
But, like an endless line of kings,
Another year is born to-day.

Though we cry out in all dismay,
The Ball, unheeding, onward swings—
Another year has passed away.

Its smile, a vanished summer's day;
Its voice, a migrant bird that sings
"Another year is born to-day."

Life's lovely blossoms, fair in May,
Must wither as the season swings,
Another year has passed away.

Friend, through whatever paths we stray
Forever beat Time's tireless wings—
Another year is born to-day.

Come pluck whatever blooms you may
While Life, the lover, plenty brings—
Another year has passed away,
Another year is born to-day.

—James P. Haverson in The Canadian Magazine for January.

"Was his auto going so very fast?" "Your honor, it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund."—Houston Post.

"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder and balks longer."—Washington Star.

Says The Bookman: "If there were no villains, there would be no novels." That's rather harsh. Some novelists are not villains, but merely weak-minded.—Cleveland Leader.

The Lady—Little boy, don't you know smoking will shorten your life? The kid—Shucks! Wot do I care? I've seen everyt'ing dere is.—Boston Traveller.

Who says America has no leisure class? How about the waiter to whom you give a rush order?—Smart Set.

The Problem of Living.

"MUNSON," I observed feelingly, "there are but six square meals between us and the poorhouse."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Munson with interest. "Let's go up into the studio and organize ourselves into a ways and means committee."

"I see no way out of it but for you to sublet this apartment."

"It would be beautiful," I said, "but what would you do?"

He waved me to silence.

"Now, as I said, Eleanor has this next studio—"

"But you can't both use that—" I began.

"Wait. You and Aubrey take this apartment. I have held it at three thousand. I'll let you have it at twenty-four hundred dollars. Two hundred a month, payable in hundred dollar instalments on the first and fifteenth of every month."

"Nice and easy," I said. "We'll take it."

"Good. Now then, as you are out every morning, anyway, I'll *sub*-sublet this studio from you until two o'clock every day, for fifty dollars a month. That will let me work all I want to, and will give you a drawing-room every afternoon and evening and all day Sundays."

I began to laugh.

"Let's pay each other in advance," I said, gurgling. "I'll send you a cheque to-night."

"And I you," he answered.

A pause. Then he said:

"Excuse me for asking, but will your cheque be good?"

"Certainly not," I replied with spirit. "Will yours?"

"Alas, I am afraid not."

"But it will be a nice way to exchange autographs," I said. "Girls generally want Aubrey to add a sentiment whenever they ask for his. Shall he add a sentiment to your cheque?"

"It would do no harm."

"Then we can paste these cheques on our mirrors until they are negotiable. The mere possession of them will increase our assets."

"You are a business woman!" observed Munson with admiration.

"Now, there is but one thing more to do," he said presently, when we had both ruminated upon this pleasant solution of our difficulties, "and that is for one of us to borrow some money."

"I must go home and tell Aubrey to make out your cheque," I said.

He shook hands with me and rubbed his silk hat with his sleeve, thereby making it worse.

"If I get that money, tell the old man I'll lend him five hundred," said Munson.

We separated, mutually pleased with each other.

When I told Aubrey he expanded into a silent grin.

"There were once two impecunious families," he observed, "who sought to support themselves by taking in each other's washing."

"That is a vulgar translation of an idyll in high finance," I said. "I feel as if I had simply solved the great problem of living."—Lilian Bell, in January Smart Set.

Managers of London theatres are not unfamiliar with men who are so desirous of comfort that they book an extra stall on which to rest their hat and coat. At the Duke of York's Theatre, however, a man at a recent matinee paid for three stalls for his sole use. He explained that his comfort required that no one should share the arms of the chair he occupied, and for that reason he paid for a seat on each side. On one of them he placed his coat and hat, on the other a bag of biscuits, which he ate during the performance. A lady who wanted to move into one of the three seats because it was in a better position than her own inquired, when the situation was explained to her, if it would not be possible to provide the man with a sofa.

Mrs. Smythe—I wonder why the judge deferred the sentence until tomorrow? Mrs. Whyte—Oh, I suppose he wanted to talk the case over with his wife.—Brooklyn Life.

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MUSIC

NOW that the recognized time for good resolutions is here, I wish that all of us who profess music would resolve to like as much of one another's work as we can, and to say as little about what we don't like as our sense of honesty will permit. We must have some standard for ourselves, and the more sincere we are the more apt we are to think that we have all the truth, but by this time we ought to know that the other man has a right to his opinion, and that even our honest adverse opinion does little more than stir up a controversy. Criticism, by the way, has never hurt any man's standing unless he himself has taken it to heart, and then he was either too sensitive for this workaday world or he had a limited knowledge of relative values.

We cannot afford to be unfair to others; in fact it is risky even to call attention to their faults. A case in point has just come to my notice: A singer, exulting in a beautiful voice which he never saved, who was accustomed to dispose of other singers by saying that they sang off key, has of late begun to offend in the same way, only in his case it is not an occasional defection from the pitch but is rapidly becoming a chronic faulty intonation. Those who suffered at his hands a year or so ago are gloating with unholy joy.

Another point: Isn't it time we kept our "shop" to ourselves, and gave the public what it wants—music, instead of method and technique, and all the other things it doesn't want? Let us make a judicious selection of what we like to sing or play and also what the public likes to hear, and then strive for the simplest and most direct way of doing them. If the average concert goer is not interested in the average recital it is simply because he or she is not interested in five-finger exercises and vocalises masquerading as concert pieces and songs. A few friends and fellow students may be interested in how fast and how loud you can play scales and studies, or how many notes you can sing with one breath, but these bore anyone who really loves music. Therefore, be it resolved that we will teach and study music more and voice, piano, violin less.

* * *

TO-DAY the lists of the National Chorus are closed, and in a few days more than two weeks the concerts will be given, Jan. 18 and 19. There is a wide-spread desire to hear Elgar's "First Symphony," of which Mr. Damrosch has the American performing rights. Elgar finds readier expression for his ideas when writing for the orchestra than for voices, and in this Symphony he is at his best. "Pomp and Circumstance" has always given me great pleasure, for it is so aptly named. I heard it first under the baton of Theodore Thomas, who was one of the first to give Elgar his just due. Another number that is being looked forward to is the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," which Mr. Damrosch gave when he lectured on "Parsifal" a few years ago. Every one who heard it then remembers with pleasure Mr. Mannes's beautiful playing. The engagement of Miss Keyes showed excellent foresight on the part of the committee, as no singer that has visited Toronto of recent years has made so great an impression as she. As she appears at both concerts, and will sing a varied programme, we shall be able to "place" her. So great was her success when she was first heard and so keen is the anticipation of the pleasure of hearing her again that one grows almost fearful, but the reports of her singing this season are quite as enthusiastic as last year, so that we may put by our fears and anticipate to our hearts' content. It is a pleasure to see Miss Davies' name on the programme; she is such a thoroughly conscientious singer.

Dr. Ham has—so those in a position to know say—the best chorus he has ever had, and every member is doing his or her best for the success of the concerts.

* * *

ELGAR could not have chosen a more satisfactory British subject than Caractacus, for there is no more noble character in all British history than this great king, who reigned in the first half of the first century. According to the Welsh Triads it was his children who introduced Christianity into Britain. The part of Caractacus has been scored for a baritone, and Mr. Claude Cunningham, whose virile singing won him so many friends last year, has been engaged to sing it. The music allotted to the daughter of Caractacus seems to have been written for Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, so admirably does it suit her. Mr. Martin, who has been engaged to sing the role of the Emperor Claudius, made a fine impression at the Worcester Festival when he sang the same part.

Dr. Vogt has devoted a great deal of time to this work as he wants to excel the performance the Mendelssohns gave of the Brahms' "German Requiem" last year. Elgar cannot accuse Canada of being unappreciative when each of the three choirs is doing two or more of his compositions, and Dr. Vogt in addition to excerpts from his "King Olaf" and the "Scene from the Bavarian Highlands" will devote an entire programme to two of his works, "Caractacus" and the concert overture "Cockaigne" ("In London Town"). Nothing that the Choir has ever studied has aroused more interest than Hugo Wolf's "The Mad Fire Rider." It is quite the most difficult composition that has been written for singers.

* * *

REPORTS from Cleveland show that the Pittsburg Orchestra has come into its own, under Mr. Paur. This year the subscription has been enormous, and the attendance has been limited only by the size of the auditorium. In every way and in every place Mr. Paur's policy has been fully approved. Of course the success at home and abroad is having a beneficial effect on the men in the band. They are playing with a magnetic verve that carries an audience off its feet, and Mr. Paur is revealing an unsuspected phase of his temperament in works like Tschaikowski's "Capriccio Italien," the Ballet Music from Carmen, and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." He and his men play these things with the light touch that can only come through appreciation of their spirit and personal enjoyment of it.

Mr. Fletcher has given the patron composer of his Choir, Schubert, a very prominent place on both programmes, but he has not neglected the modern school. Both Elgar and Eaton Faning are well represented. He is spending a great deal of time and thought on Mozart's "King Thamos," and when it is performed it will mark a decided advance in the standard of this chorus.

* * *

THE inauguration of choral work at the University has met with great success. At the first meeting there were over three hundred present, and some unusually good voices were discovered. Mr. Tripp has thrown himself into the work with the same enthusiasm that enabled him to make the Male Chorus Club what it was. As soon as the holidays are over serious rehearsals will begin, and this movement will add much to the development of a good University spirit, uniting the students of the different faculties in a common interest.

* * *

On the 16th of January Miss Lina Adamson will give a recital in Conservatory Hall, at which she will be assisted by Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Miss Eugenie Quehen and Mrs. Barton. No one has done more for the growth of the interest in violin music in Toronto than Mrs. Adamson, and her daughter's standing as an artist is a record that any teacher might well be proud of. Miss Quehen has not been heard in public since her return from England. When I heard her at Dr. Vogt's I was delighted to find that she has not lost any of the poetic quality by striving for mere virtuosity. She treats the piano as though it were a friend and not a slave that must be beaten to do her bidding.

* * *

A decided novelty has been presented to Toronto audiences by Dr. C. S. Eby and Mr. Rechab Tandy under the title of Oration and Oratorio. Dr. Eby sketches in the historical background and the dramatic climaxes are sung by Mr. Tandy. I have not had the pleasure of hearing these gentlemen, but I have heard very glowing accounts of their programme, and as it is in line with what is the proper way to bring music-poetry into the every day lives of every day people, I mean to hear them at the earliest opportunity.

* * *

The departure of Mr. R. Norman Jolliffe for New York will deprive us of one of our most artistic singers. Under Mr. August Wilhelmj he developed his naturally beautiful voice along legitimate lines until it became a fine medium for expression. I hope that in his future studies he will be under the guidance of as good a master as the one who started him along the straight and narrow path—quality not quantity of voice as the star. If Mr. Jolliffe perseveres along this line he will soon be an artist that all Canada may point to with pride.

* * *

Mischa Elmen, the violinist that is coming to play at the next concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, is the sensation of this season in New York. At each appearance his popularity has increased and his services are in demand all over the continent. The Committee of the Orchestra were fortunate in securing him early.

* * *

The Toronto Conservatory of Music will re-open after the holidays on Monday, January 4th.

* * *

One still regrets the cancellation of Ludwig Wullner's engagement, as local singers and the local public ought to hear what this wonderful artist does without singing, in the strict sense of the word. His deficiencies are due to lack of proper voice training, not to lack of voice, and yet he holds an audience for an entire evening as no vocalist of the Melba kind can. His is the triumph of personality over medium of expression. At the same time a little judicious training would have made him greater than he is. He is like a pianist or violinist who wilfully chooses an inferior instrument and then does wonders with it.

* * *

The month of January will be a busy month at the different Halls of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The Mendelssohn Choir, Schubert Choir and National Chorus will continue their practices for their respective concerts, and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will resume rehearsals for their next concert at Massey Hall. The Women's Musical Club will also meet every Thursday morning. The Toronto String Orchestra (Mrs. Adamson) will resume its rehearsals. The String Quartette, under the leadership of Mr. Frank E. Blachford, will hold its second concert on the 22nd of this month, and the ladies of the Residence will hold their annual dance on the evening of the 14th. This latter event will no doubt prove one of the most enjoyable evenings they have had.

Among the different Recitals given by teachers and pupils of the Conservatory will be Miss Adamson's violin recital on the 15th and Mr. F. E. Blachford's on the 29th. Mr. Wheeldon will give an organ recital on the new organ on the evening of the 16th and the School of Expression will occupy the Concert Hall on the 9th. Mr. Tripp will give two students' piano recitals, on the 8th and 23rd, and Mr. F. H. Burt a students' vocal recital on the 30th.

In addition to these there will be pupils' recitals every Saturday afternoon, beginning January 16th.

From the above may be gathered that the Toronto Conservatory of Music is fast becoming the musical centre of Toronto. The attendance is constantly increasing and, from present appearances, a good year will be the result.

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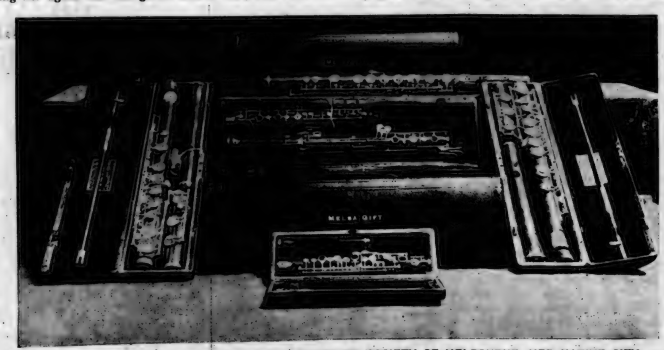
Newspaper Man.—What made you scowl at that fellow who has just gone out?

Bank Official.—He's one of those who are always telling me how to run my bank. A man who thinks he knows how to manage another fellow's business better than the other fellow knows how to do it himself is always a nuisance. You ought to jump on such men. If I were running that paper of yours, By George, I'd—er-er. Curious kind of weather we're having, isn't it?—Ram's Horn.

Nell.—Mr. Guzzler's conversation is rather spicy, don't you think so? Belle.—Well, it is generally tinctured with the aroma of cloves.—Philadelphia Record.



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Mar. 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
Mar. 25th - - - Mrs. Scott Raff. "Irish Drama."
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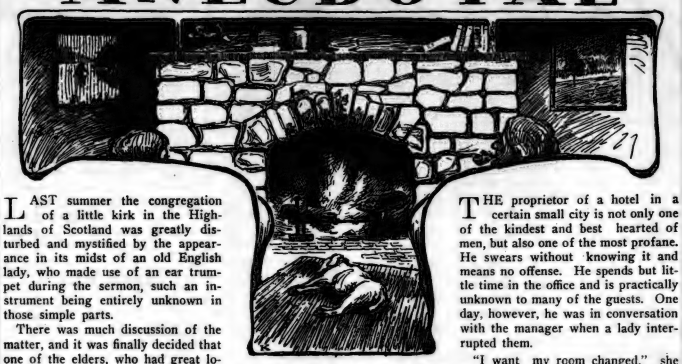

LAST summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady, who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon, such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts.

There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders, who had great local reputation as a man of parts, should be deputed to settle the question. On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said sternly:

"The first toot—ye're oot!

* * *

MR. SIRIUS BARKER, had been cheated in a horse trade and the experience formed his chief topic of conversation for some time. Can't you get over talking about the way you got cheated in that horse trade?" suggested a friend, who had heard the story several times.

"No," answered Mr. Barker, "I don't mind the man's getting my money so much, but I do hate to think I've lost his respect."

* * *

TOMPKINS had suffered terribly and at one time it appeared that his illness might have fatal termination. But skillful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkin's one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realized. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered.

"Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."

* * *

CARDINAL LOGUE, during a country visit, was asked how many sermons a preacher could prepare in a week. Smiling, Cardinal Logue answered:

"If the preacher is a man of extraordinary ability, he can prepare one sermon; if a man of average ability, two; if a blockhead, ten or twelve."

* * *

THIS story was told to the late Bishop Potter by Bishop Dudley of Kentucky of his personal experience:

He was on a hunting expedition near Louisville, and happened to fall in with a local sportsman, whose unconcealed admiration for the city man's markmanship paved the way for further conversation.

"What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired.

"Dudley," was the reply.

After some exchange of incident and experience, the bishop's interlocutor hazarded:

"Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a preacher."

"Oh, get out! What are you giving me?"

"But I am. I preach every Sunday."

"Where?"

"In Louisville."

"Well, I never! I never would ha' thought it! You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear his new-made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Lord's day saw the rustic in his "Sunday best," ushered into the bishop's own pew where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

He was manifestly amazed afterward to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods. He managed to stammer his thanks and added:

"I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I riz with you and sot with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how. All the same, if my opinion is worth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a hunter."

SCOTLAND has a great reputation for learning in the United States, and a lady who went over from Boston expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was disillusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a policeman, she inquired as to the whereabouts of Carlyle's house.

"Which Carlyle?" he asked.

"Thomas Carlyle," said the lady.

"What does he do?" queried the guardian of the peace.

"He was a writer—but, he's dead," she faltered.

"Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man's dead over five years there's little chance of finding out anything about him in a big city like this."

* * *

THE young wife of a Philadelphia man, who is not especially sweet-tempered, one day approached her lord touching the matter of one hundred dollars or so.

"I'd like to let you have it, my dear," began the husband, "but the fact is I haven't that amount in bank this morning—that is to say, I haven't that amount to spare, inasmuch as I must take up a note for two hundred dollars this afternoon."

"Oh, very well, James!" said the wife, with ominous calmness. "If you think the man who holds the note can make things anything hotter for you than I can—why, do as you say, James!"

She got the money.

* * *

ON a west-bound train scheduled for a long trip a very large, muscular man fell asleep and annoyed all the passengers by snoring tremenduously. Reading, conversation or quiet rest was an impossibility. Finally a drummer, carrying half a lemon in his hand, tiptoed over to a little boy who sat behind the snorer.

"Son," said the drummer impressively, "I am a doctor, and if that man doesn't stop snoring he'll die of apoplexy. Watch your chance, and as soon as his mouth opens a little wider, lean over and squeeze this lemon into it."

* * *

A FEW evenings ago a husband and wife were sitting in their home after dinner, and the old man was puffing his meerschaum and reading a newspaper, while mother was working on a piece of embroidery.

"What do you think of this?" remarked father, glancing from the newspaper to his wife. "Here is an article that says that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they have found a lot of petrified prisoners."

"Oh," responded mother, "I suppose they must have been some of the hardened criminals I have heard about."

* * *

THERE is an enterprising dealer in men's shoes in Winnipeg who, at one time, was accustomed to display, sticking out of each pair of shoes in his windows three new one dollar bills. The accompanying announcement used to read something like this: "Three of a kind beat two pair."

On one occasion a bright young man undertook to get the better of the dealer. Entering the store he said to the proprietor: "You sell shoes according to the rules of poker, I see."

"Yes," was the reply.

"I wear size nine," said the bright young man; "wrap me up two pairs of them."

When he had received the shoes he tendered in payment therefor $3.

"Pardon me," said the proprietor, "but those shoes come to $6."

"Not according to Hoyle," said the bright young man, with a triumphant grin, "three of a kind beat two pair."

"Very true," responded the suave proprietor, "but they don't beat four nines. Six dollars, please."

THE proprietor of a hotel in a certain small city is not only one of the kindest and best hearted of men, but also one of the most profane. He swears without knowing it and means no offense. He spends but little time in the office and is practically unknown to many of the guests. One day, however, he was in conversation with the manager when a lady interrupted them.

"I want my room changed," she said. "It is on the side overlooking the kitchen, and I am annoyed by the swearing of some man down there every morning. I am a church woman and will not stand it another day."

The remarks were addressed to the manager, for she did not know the proprietor or that the one who did the swearing was he.

"Do you happen to know who that man is?" he asked, before the manager could reply.

"No, I do not," she answered.

"Well, I do," the proprietor continued; "and he doesn't mean any more when he swears than you do when you get down on your knees to pray."

* * *

A CERTAIN lady, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and call you by your last name. What is it?"

"Well, mum," answered the girl, dubiously, "it's 'Darling.'"

* * *

JOSIAH QUINCEY the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the city hall, when he heard an Irish laborer accost another thus:

"That's Josiah Quincey."

"An' who's Josiah Quincey," the other asked.

"I never see such ignorance," rejoined the other. "He's the grandson of the statute you see in the yard."

* * *

HARRY was walking with another boy, when he was joined by a friend, a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered pompously.

Harry twisted, reddened, and at last turned to his companion with: "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered.

"Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more, and jerking one thumb over his shoulder towards the newcomer, "that's him!"

* * *

A PARTY of Northerners was touring Virginia, some years ago, and as the crowded train was crawling through Stafford County, near Fredericksburg, an old and wizened woman, with a basket bigger than herself, came aboard, and edged diffidently into the vacant place beside one of the men. After a while her seatmate decided that it could be no harm to draw her out a little for the benefit of the rest of the party.

"This is very poor land that you have around here, madam," he began.

"Mighty pore," she assented, humbly.

"I never did see such worthless soil."

"No, suh," with an air of deep dejection.

"Don't you ever sow any crops at all?" he kept on.

The ancient dame did not lift her head.

"Naw, suh," she drawled. "This hyer land around hyer was sowed 'bout three foot deep with Yankees, 'long 'bout forty years ago, and we ain't been able to raise nary crap since."

* * *

JONES had had an unusual amount of work to do, and it was long after midnight when he started upstairs to bed. He walked on tiptoe, but in spite of his cautiousness his wife heard him and half awakened.

"Is that you, John?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure?" she demanded; and then she wondered why he seemed annoyed.

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"Do you regard the stage as an educator?" "Not exactly," answered Miss Cayenne. "It would be unfortunate if we were to get our ideas of society from the problem play and our ideas of costume from the musical comedy."—Washington Star.

Following on the appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty, we notice Messrs. Mackie & Company's "WHITE HORSE CELLAR" whisky has just been awarded the Gold Medal for quality at the Franco-British Exhibition.

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The Bride—"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle."

The Butcher—"Madam, I think you'd better have an egg."—Harper's Weekly.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra gave a most delightful house dance on Christmas Eve., when just enough of their friends were present to make it enjoyable. The drawing-room was cleared for the dancers and excellent music, combined with that holiday atmosphere of Christmastide to make every moment fly with winged feet. Mrs. Cawthra wore a handsome gown of white and black, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt a lovely gown of black and silver. Mrs. Beatty, of The Oaks, came to her daughter's party, and some of the other guests were Colonel and Mrs. MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. Bristol, Mr and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Mr. F. Mackelcan, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, the Misses Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. J Gordon Macdonald, Col. Septimus Denison, Miss Beatrice Hamilton, the Misses Plummer, Mr. and Mrs Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Messrs. Beardmore Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Miss Coulson, Mrs. Lapham, Mr. G. T. Blackstock. Supper was served at small tables and the guests exchanged Christmas greetings at the witching hour. The Japanese Christmas banners containing good wishes in the language of Chrysanthemum Land, which decorated the wall, were objects of curious and admiring glances from all.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees had a jolly Christmas party of their children and grandchildren to the number of over a score for the family dinner on the Happy Day.

Miss Beatrice Hamilton has been spending the vacation with her relatives, Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop. They went up to Hamilton for Christmas with the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and had a very happy day. Miss Hamilton is leaving Toronto the end of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark entertained at dinner on Monday evening.

Mrs. J. J. Dixon is giving a bridge next Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Whipple and their children are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod, in Crescent road.

Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson gave a children's party on Monday afternoon for their little ones' friends, at Mrs. John Cawthra's home in Beverley street.

Another engagement is in the air. This time the happy man is residing in Toronto, but his *fiancee* lives across the seas.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Duncan-Clark left last week for a visit to their son, Mr. H. B. Duncan-Clark, Ruthwell Lodge, in Bloomfield, New Jersey, which will be their address during their stay. They were accompanied by their youngest son, Mr. C. H. Duncan-Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Az. Daw, of Bay Roberts, Nfld., expect to visit Toronto in January.

Mrs. Good, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harris Hees, has returned to New York. Mrs. Hees is recovering from a tedious illness of some weeks, and her friends hope soon to see her bright, pretty face among them again.

Miss Grace Mackenzie's coming-out dance will take place at Benvenuto next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are spending the holidays in town. Mrs. Duncan's Toronto friends are charmed to greet and entertain her, and she is happy to see them again.

Toronto friends of Miss Agnes Hatton and Mr. Harry Higinbotham, son of Colonel Higinbotham, of Guelph, will be interested in hearing of their marriage last week. Mr. and Mrs. Higinbotham are going to Cairo for the winter, and will be travelling extensively for some time.

Dr. Doolittle, who has spent the holidays with his family, is returning to England very soon, to attend to business there.

Mrs. James Macdonald, of St. George street, is convalescing from a five weeks' illness, and has been much missed from the gay doings, in which as one of the most popular brides of the autumn, she was taking a place of honor.

A correspondent sends the following item:

The marriage took place on November 25, at St. Andrew's Church, Tokyo, Japan, of the Rev. Arthur Lea, M.A., of No. 52 Tsukiji, Tokyo, son of Mr. Joseph Lea, Balmy Beach, Toronto, and Miss Geraldine Amelia Reid, of No. 24 Kaha-rokuban-cho, Tokyo, daughter of Sir John Watt Reid, K.C.B., R.N., Hon. Physician to His Majesty, of South Kensington, London. The civil ceremony was performed at the British Consulate-General, Yokohama, by Mr. John Carey Hall, I.S.O., Consul-General, the witnesses being the Misses Gardener. At the church, the Right Rev Bishop McKim officiated, being assisted by the Rev. W. P. Buncombe. The bride, who wore a Directoire gown of amethyst cloth with hat to match, was brought in by Rev. W. H. Elwin, who gave her away. The Rev. J. Wellbourne was best man. The wedding presents were handsome and numerous. A reception was held on Saturday, December the 5th.

The very beautiful Christmas treat and tree which Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, of Huntley Lodge, Deer Park, give each year to their children, grandchildren and younger relatives, was the *raison d'etre* of many a journey north on Christmas Eve. Twenty-five little people sat down to a bright table for tea, each small boy or girl being watchfully chaperoned by a proud parent, and some of the prettiest young mothers in Toronto were among the group of elder folk who stood behind the chairs of the little guests of the hour. Miss Jean Baird, grandchild of the host and hostess, was a youngster whose quaint remarks kept her neighbors smiling. Principal and Mrs. Auden and their little pair, Mrs. Alfred and Mrs. John Rogers and their babies, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, whose small girl is not going out yet, even to her first Christmas, Mrs. Baird (Mamie Palmer), Mrs. Christie and her young people, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark and Miss Mary Clark, Mr. Christie Clark, Mrs. Holmstead, Mrs. Willie Lee and her small girl, Mrs. Palmer (nee Blight), Mrs. C. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Bongard and their pretty little child, Mrs. George Blaikie and her bright little girl, Mrs. Harry Beatty and her elder child, were some of the fascinating little people and older folk who enjoyed the treat of the season. After the tea was over, the party swarmed into the spacious living room, where a huge tree laden with gifts and twined with myriads of colored electric lights was soon stripped of its fruit amid the tooting of horns, blowing of organs, and shrilling of whistles, by the delighted small boys. Then the elder company had tea and everyone went home happy. Miss Jean Baird introduced the small boys and girls to her great-grandmother, Mrs. Christie, who was an interested and interesting guest at the merry gathering.

Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth and her son Gordon, and Mrs Septimus Denison and her two daughters are at Lausanne, Switzerland, where Toronto friends send them many good wishes. Colonel Denison hopes to go over in the spring and have some time travelling in Europe with his family before they all return to Toronto.

Colonel and Mrs. Delamere have had their children and grandchildren home on a Christmas visit from Stratford. They returned to Stratford at mid-week.

The sad and rather sudden death from pneumonia of Mrs. Arundel Hill, wife of Ven. Archdeacon Hill, of St. Thomas, occurred last week. Mrs. Hill was Miss Delamere, a sister of Colonel and Mr. Tom Delamere and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Reesor, of Toronto, and her many fine traits of character endeared her to all who had the privilege of her friendship.

Miss Jessie Coates, who was so seriously hurt in a carriage accident in Toronto in December, has been able to return to her home in Ottawa.

Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Young came to town for the Christmas holidays, and both are looking extremely well.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone are planning a visit to England shortly. Their fine little son will go with them, and the captain will bid good-bye to his regiment before it goes to India next fall.

Major Van Straubenzie has been in town, having recently returned from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage on Monday evening, by inviting some seventy-five of their relatives and intimate friends to their charming home on the hillside. Guests of all ages, and many of those present at their first anniversary, accepted the invitation and enjoyed a jolly evening. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick are beloved by all their friends and hearty good wishes for their future were voiced on all sides on Monday night.

Mr. A. H. Walker has been appointed inspector of the bank of which he is an officer. On Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Walker had a lovely tree for their family.

The season of 1908 closed on Thursday with a charming dance at Chudleigh and other less important dances and many jolly dinners in all directions. It has been, so far, a busy and bright winter, with a great many dances and a record number of debutantes, which means also numbers of teas, luncheons and dinners in their honor.

There are brilliant events still left for 1909, of which the Rose ball and the *bal poudre* are two much anticipated. The Argonaut Rowing Club will give a dance this month in the King Edward. The High Park Golf Club will again give their annual At Home in the same palatial surroundings. The debut of Miss Grace Mackenzie will be celebrated by a hugely smart dance, and I hear of three other big dances on the way. Is there to be a Yacht Club ball? asks someone. I have not yet been informed of such an event.

Word from Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, and lovely Christmas gifts from Rome, give no hint of the date of their return.

Mrs. G. P. Magann is in Paris and Miss Charlotte Langmuir is visiting friends in the Old Country.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris and their two children came down from Collingwood for Christmas to visit Mrs. Morris, Sr., in Spadina Gardens. After a happy day together the family party spent the evening with the Misses Merritt, St. George street.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt has been laid up with an attack of illness at the King Edward.

Mrs. R. J. Christie had rather a bad fall at the Skating Club meeting last Saturday, and is confined to her bed as a result.

Mr. Justice Riddell and Mrs. Riddell left this week for Florida, where they will enjoy bathing, golfing and a complete rest after their Christmas entertaining. They had a large family dinner, and the relatives in and out of town foregathered at their newly done-up home in St. George street, for a most enjoyable reunion.

The Montreal Star makes this suggestion: There are other ways of suppressing the "bores." The House itself might do something by showing its disapproval of the unacceptable speaker in the frank manner of the British Commons. Something more might be done by instructing Hansard to summarize the speeches of "back benchers" during a full dress debate. As it is, they get as much attention for their imitations and iterations as the leading speakers do for their original contributions to the discussion. and the imitators can "frank" copies of Hansard, with their "copies" of the arguments of others embalmed therein, to their constituents, and get credit for being big toads in the Parliamentary puddle. If they could only get a summary into Hansard, they might come in time to do the summarizing themselves.

Hon. W. S. Fielding had a birthday recently. He is sixty, which makes him seven years younger than his chief, Sir Wilfrid. As The Halifax Chronicle says, Mr. Fielding, "after more than a quarter of a century in public life, is as vigorous and alert as the youngest member of Parliament."

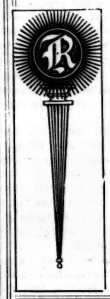
REA'S New Store For Women

SEPARATE WAISTS

are still an indispensable part to every woman's dress, although their disappearance has been predicted many times, but as long as the coat suit is worn just so long will separate waists surely remain in style.

Nets are popular—filet, Brussels and Fishnets—colored silks to match the suit and soft shimmery satins.

We are justly proud of the popularity our waists have so quickly achieved with conservative Toronto women—a reputation for exclusiveness, originality of design, excellent qualities and unusual values. A few of our new lines:



Liberty Satin, half-inch tucked all over, strictly tailored. Green, taupe, brown, blue and black, $5.

Black spotted net, tucked and medallion trimmed, messaline lined. Three patterns of net in these, $10.

Heavy allover lace in several patterns, Japanese silk lined. An ecru shade relieved with gold braid bows. A slim Directoire model, $10.

White Liberty Satin with embroidered chiffon yoke and trimming of gold braid and tassels. A simple waist and dressy, $15.

New black silk Fishnet waist in military style, severely plain with only military braid trimming, taffeta lined. A distinctive waist sure to be favored, $20.

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Tell your friends what you intend to do, and if they have not already started advise them to start at once, you will then meet them year after year to extend Christmas greetings. Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms. A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

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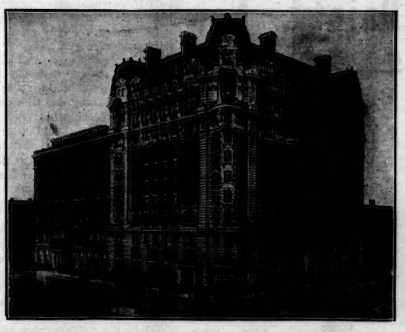

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Mr. Gnagg Makes New Year Resolutions

They Are for His Wife, and She Rejects Them, to His Discouragement.

MR. GNAGG, mellowed by holiday influences, makes guarded resolutions for the approaching New Year in the following somewhat qualified terms:

Well, little woman, here we are with another New Year's upon us, eh? 'S a great season all right.

Season when a chap sort o' feels like thinking things over; like standing off and taking an impartial look at himself and his actions and—and all like that; and a fellow that surveys his doings for a whole year and then pats himself on the back and says that he's been everything that he ought to be—oh, well, there's something twisted about a fellow like that of course. Bound to be.

Now, you'll have observed of course during all these years that I never tried to stake out any claim to being perfect. If there's any one little thing that I've a right to brag about, why, it's the fact I'm always perfectly fair. I don't see myself in any false or glamorous light, as you know.

It may be—I don't say outright that it is, but it may be—there are times, my dear, when I'm just a teenchy-weenchy bit irritable; but I guess you understand all about that. You make allowance, I guess, for the business worries that beset a chap.

Nothing is further from my nature, as you well know, than irritability or peevishness or anything remotely resembling those things; and you know perfectly well what my opinion is of a man that picks on a woman. I think that drawing and quartering is too blamed good for him, that's what I think.

That's why I am a sort of making up my mind that, during the coming year, I'm going to cut out even such minor little manifestations of petulance as perhaps I am sometimes led into giving expression to through business annoyances and setbacks. Going too, sure.

Now, when a fellow makes up his mind in a matter of this kind, why the essential thing is that he should have above all things the sympathy and co-operation of his wife. But the great trouble with women, as I have discovered after a good deal of careful observation, is that they possess a sort of fundamental unfairness which seems absolutely to prevent them from making the slightest acknowledgement of their own faults. They simply cannot own up to it that they possess any faults. Sometimes I am disposed to believe that even when they do perceive that they're in the wrong they refuse to own up to it out of pure stubbornness.

Now, take yourself for example, my dear. I'll bet that if tabulated statistics had been kept on all various little arguments that we've had during the last year any impartial referee would decide that you had been completely and irremediably in the wrong as to at least 99 per cent. of those arguments. Yet your femininity never permitted you to come right across and own up that you were wrong in any of these little domestic conflicts.

That's why, my dear, I take it upon myself to offer you a few little suggestions which, if you listen to them in the proper spirit and endeavor to follow them out, will make things a whole heap better around here during the coming year.

Now, in the first place, little girl, you've got a great habit of forever answering a fellow back. Bad habit, that. Vicious, bad habit. One of the worst habits I know anything about. You seem to feel that you've just got to rap in an answer to every little word that I say in a tone of good natured criticism or raillery, or that you'll just explode.

That's what starts everything in the way of fusses and arguments and so on around here—that answering back habit of yours; and I am bound to say that there is never any meat whatever in these answers that you get out of your system solely for the sake of prolonging the argument. They're pure pine always, and nothing else.

If I feel called upon to comment occasionally on the way things are managed around here, why, it's up to you to undersand that such comment is meant all in good part and it's your business to give ear to what I'm saying and not to chop back replies at me just for the sake of saving your face or something like that.

Take, for example, your extravagance. Your extravagance in a whole lot of respects. Running this apartment, for example.

You ought to know very well—and sometimes I am firmly of the opinion that you do know, although you persist in denying it—that you spend at the very smallest computation about twice as much money in running this apartment as you ought to spend. Yet when I take an occasional survey of the wild extravagances in which you constantly indulge around here, and submit a carefully worded and entirely amiable criticism in the premises, why you infallibly flare up and talk back and act in general as if you considered that you were a badly abused woman.

Why, sometimes, in such circumstances, you even resort to that cowardly feminine expedient of crying. Blubbering. Dabbing at your eyes and all that sort of thing. You only do that like all other women, of course, when you are firmly cornered; but it's cowardly.

It's taking the meanest kind of an advantage of a husband. It's a deliberate attempt to put your husband in an unworthy and a contemptible light. It's a crafty attempt, always, on your part to switch the thing around and to put it up to me absolutely.

I begin by telling you, nearly always in a tone that is meant to be bantering, about some peculiarly raw bit of household extravagance, every word of it intended for your own good; and then, hoity toity! up you flare, and then you begin to reel off the answers and to send in catty little dabs and jabs and such like, and the first thing you know, why you've started something and then the air of peace and repose, what might be called the tone, that should hover around a home is dispersed or shattered, and as often as not you go sniffing and snivelling around the place, and sulk and gloom on me and act as sullen as the dickens, as you know, my dear.

Well, every bit of this sort of thing could be saved if you'd only make up your mind, once and forever, here upon the threshold of the new year, that you'd overcome that deeply imbedded habit of yours of always answering back.

As to the extravagance itself—oh, well, I've talked about that until, as they say, I'm pretty nearly black in the face, and never, it seems, to the slightest purpose. That's one thing that I've about given up—the ability to get away with any sort of a contention around here, I mean.

Still, extravagance is curable like any other sort of a disease or vice or bad or careless habit or whatever you elect to call it. You don't have to throw your husband's hard earned money away as if it were so much chalk, you know. And so if you have any intention or desire to cooperate with me in sort of switching the cut around here during the coming year, perhaps you might devote two or three minutes every day from now on to saying to yourself that you're at least going to make an effort during the year 1909 to give your husband a chance for his taw agate in money matters and not blow the coin in as if the man whose name you're bearing had a little private mint working day and night down at his place of business.

How's that? Oh, you think I ought to begin the New Year by increasing your allowance for household expenses, do you? Huh! Sure you do!

I might have expected that you'd shoot in some kind of a crack like that, even at so inopportune a time as this, when I am endeavoring in a spirit befitting the season to show you how you might help to make things a heap better around here than they have been.

Increase the budget for household expenses, hey? Well, I hate to say it, madam, but there's a good deal more brass in that proposition than anything I've heard you give utterance to for quite some time. Just plain brass of the sordid commercial or grafting variety.

It's a wonder to me that you don't shoot over the suggestion that I hand all of the money that I earn by the sweat of my brow over to you and let you dish out lunch money and carfare to me as you see fit. 'S a matter of straight-out fact, that's just about the way the game frames up around here now. As I think I've mentioned to you hitherto, all I get out of the business of living is a place to sleep and something to eat, and here you are right on deck with the suggestion that I ought to slip you every cent I make and permit you to do all of the disturbing.

Huh? What! you didn't say that? Well, what did you say, then? Oh, that's all you said, eh? Well, I say different; that's all, and that ends it.

You came right out and hinted that you ought to be the holder of all the coin that finds its way into this family. If you didn't say that almost in so many words then I'm deaf, that's all.

You'll be good enough to remember that I am acquainted with a whole lot of married fellows around this town who've been hopelessly ruined by the foolish, the wanton extravagance of their wives, and if you think you've got a million to one chance to lead me by the nose down that path of bustedness why you've got more thinks a-coming than could be registered on a whole carload of phonographic records, and don't you forget it.

But what's the use? Here I am mildly venturing to suggest that you make certain resolutions for the new year and the best I get is——

How's that? Oh, I started this thing off by announcing what resolutions I myself was going to make for the new year, and now I'm winding up by telling you what resolutions to make?

Well, that settles it. I might have known you'd have staked me to some such an insult as that. I'm a yap for expecting to get away with anything elevating or uplifting around here.

Well, well, what d'ye think o' that for a stab? By jing! if you could only see yourself in your true light for about one-eight of a second I wonder what you'd think of yourself!—New York Sun.

Dainty, New and Attractive

is our new design in Fine Silver Plated Flatware. Each piece is stamped by us and each box contains our guarantee. Considering the quality, the prices are very low.

Coffee Spoons, per doz.....2.50
Tea Spoons, per doz.....2.50
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Dessert Forks, per doz.....4.50
Table Forks, per doz.....5.00
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SOCIETY

The At Home for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society will be held at the Temple Building, Feb. 12th.

Miss Olive Sheppard, of Pembroke street, is visiting Miss Rogers, of Peterboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir entertained a large party of relatives for dinner on Christmas Day, when the new hostess received many compliments on the excellence of the menu and arrangements. The home recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir in Roxborough street, is charmingly situated and planned for comfort, and their friends send them New Year wishes for a long and happy residence therein.

Dr. Lang has spent the vacation in New York. Mr. Lindsay, Stanley Barracks, Mr. Sydney Fitzgerald, Miss Isabel Jackson are Torontonians recently visiting in Buffalo.

Miss Suzanne Mara gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon to a number of her young friends at her home in Chestnut Park Road.

Lay of an Ancient Anecdote.

A N ancient anecdote I be!
Three thousand years ago
Egyptian jokesmiths fashioned me to fit their Pharaoh.
The old Chaldeans, sportive men, amusement would evince
To see me harnessed now and then to potentate or prince.

The Middle Ages knew me well; I was considered good.
I helped make famous William Tell, and also Robin Hood.
The Grub-Street wits I did delight; I earned for them some pence;
And when the New World came to light I emigrated thence.

An ancient anecdote I be! I have been coupled with
The foremost men of history and half their kin and kith.
I've toiled since Humor had its dawn to feed the scribbling craft;
And now I s'pose they'll tack me on to William Howard Taft!

"Wilfrid de Great."

In the issue of Saturday Night for Dec. 19 a Montreal contributor told the story of the writing of the famous newspaper poem, "Hoch der Kaiser," in Montreal, in 1897, and of the author, a brilliant derelict. In the same year this writer, A. McGregor Rose—or A. M. R. Gordon, as he called himself—produced another poem well worth preserving. The subject was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's progress through England and France in the Jubilee year. The poem was illustrated by J. C. Innes and published in booklet form by the Sterling Publishing Co., Montreal. It ran:

We'n Queen Victoria call her *peup's*
For mak' some jubilee,
She sen' for men from all de worl'—
Dat mean her colonie.

But mos' of all she sen' dis word,
To dis Canadian shore,
"If Wilfrid Laurier will not come,
I not be glad no more!"

Den Wilfrid—not bad fellow, him—
Lif', w'at you call, de hat,
An' say: "Ma Reine, you mus' not fret,
'Bout little t'ing like dat.

"To Londres, on de day in June
You tole me, I will come,
And show you w'at is like de French-Canadian *gentilhomme!*"

Den Wilfrid sail across de sea,
An' Queen Victoria 's met,
An' w'en she's see him, ah! she is
Jus' tickle half to deat'!

An' w'en he's kneel, as etiquette
Demand, for be correc',
She tak' a sword into de han'
An' hit him on de neck.

An' w'en she do, she smile on him,
An' dese de words she say:
"Rise up, my true Canadian knight,
Sir Wilfrid Laurier!"

Den Wilfrid kiss de Royal han'
An' back off on de door,
An' bow, as only Frenchman can,
An' smile an' bow some more.

Nex' day, it ees a glorious sight,
At half-pas' twelf o'clock,
For see Sir Wilfrid ride on state
An' in *chapeau de coque!*

Lords Solsby, Roberts, Cecil Rhode',
An' Chamberlain, an' dose,
Were, w'at you call, "not in it," for—
Sir Wilfrid was de boss!

Oui, certainement, excep' de Queen
Herself, dat glorious day,
De greates' man on Angleterre,
Is Wilfrid Laurier!

Sir Wilfrid cross de Channel, den,
For visit la patrie,
An' mak' fine spiches, two or t'ree,
In de city of Paree.

An' shak' de han' an' drink de vin
Wit' Faure, de Presiden',
An' show him w'at de kin' of man
Dis co'ntrie represen'.

An' w'en Sir Wilfrid's voice dey hear
An' hees fine shape dey see,
De men of France was hall surprise',
De ladies hall *epris!*

Den Monsieur Faure, he rise an' say:
"Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
In de *Le-gi-on d' Honneur* you are
Un Grand Officier!"

An' to Sir Wilfrid, front dem hall,
He mak' some fine address,
An' den, de ribbon wit' de star
He pin upon hees breas'.

En bref, our Wilfrid capture France,
He's capture Anglan' too!
I t'ink he will annex dem bot'
To Canada.—Don't you?

Smyrna, the commercial metropolis of Asia Minor, has 335 carriages and about 700 carts. This number includes those used in the suburban villages. The taximeter has not as yet been introduced into the city. There is no government regulation of fares, neither is the organization or administration of the business in any way controlled or interfered with by the municipal authorities. As a result of this arrangement the cabmen are free to ask whatever price they choose. A tax amounting to $1.75 is collected by the authorities for each carriage every month.

The horses used in the cab system of Smyrna are brought from the interior of the country, more especially from the districts of Aidin and Cassaba. The cost of maintaining a horse in Smyrna is about 35 cents per day. The price of horses ranges from $50 to $90.

On the whole, the cab business of Smyrna cannot be said to be a paying one. The usual fares asked are 20 cents for the trip, 50 cents for the hour, $2 for an afternoon drive, and about $3 per day. The bad condition of the streets and country roads is a great drawback to the business. The fear of damage to both horses and carriages keeps many cabmen from accepting fares to certain quarters of the city. Such is also the case with journeys to some of the more distant villages, the condition of the country roads, rendering it impracticable for cabmen to venture upon them unless tempted by the prospect of extra fares.

Eve (in the garden)—Adam, I've got to have another dress. Adam—Eve, you're the most resolute woman I've ever known. You're always turning over a new leaf.—The Tatler.

"Life is largely a pretense." "Say the rest of it." "I used to have to pretend that I liked cigarettes when I was a kid, and now it's the same with grand opera."—Kansas City

Tommy—Pop, what is retribution? Tommy's Pop—Retribution, my son, is something that we are sure will eventually overtake other people.—Philadelphia Record.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

CALDWELL—At 198 Beverley street, Toronto, Dec. 23, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Boyd A. C. Caldwell, of Lanark, a daughter.

BURT—At Burlington, Dec. 27, 1908, to Dr. and Mrs. R. Bruce Burt, a daughter.

KINGSMILL—In Toronto, Dec. 24, 1908, the wife of Rear Admiral Kingsmill, a daughter.

O'HIGGINS—In Toronto, Dec. 28, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. John B. O'Higgins, a son.

CAMPBELL—In Toronto, Dec. 25, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Campbell, a son.

MARRIAGES.

DUNDAS-STEPHEN—At Meaford, Dec. 22, 1908, by Rev. S. H. Eastman, B.A., Lillian V., daughter of Mr. A. H. Stephen, to Arthur A. Dundas, all of Meaford.

MOORE-HUME—At St. James' Square Presbyterian church, Toronto, Dec. 26, 1908, by Rev. Principal Gandier, Margaret Hamilton, daughter of the late Gavin Hume, Esq., of Galt, to William D. N. Moore, of Chicago, Ill.

HIGINBOTHAM-HATTON—In London, Eng., Dec. 23, 1908, Agnes Elizabeth Hatton, daughter of the late John Stinson Hatton, Esq., of Toronto, to Harry Blaney Higinbotham, of Brussels, Belgium, son of Col. Higinbotham, of Guelph, Ont.

TIBBS-STUTTAFORD—In Toronto, Dec. 28, 1908, by Rev. Canon Cody, Stella Lottie Stuttaford, to Theodore L. Tibbs.

DEATHS.

MOLSON—At Port Hope, Dec. 23, 1908, Sophia, widow of the late Thomas Molson, of Molson's Bank, Montreal.

HILL—At Trinity rectory, St. Thomas, Dec. 21, 1908, Emily M., wife of Ven. Archdeacon Hill.

STEELE—At Orangeville, Ont., Dec. 28, 1908, Dr. Alexander T. Steele, of Shelburne, son of Mr. A. Steele, of Orangeville, aged 30 years.

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Greatest Bargains ever offered in Genuine

ORIENTAL RUGS

The largest stock in Canada to choose from. A new shipment has just arrived, which is also offered at sacrifice prices.

25 to 35 Per Cent. Discount

This is a rare opportunity. Buy now for present or future needs.

You never saw such attractive bargains in Genuine Oriental Rugs as we are offering. Every Rug in the store is sacrificed.

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Society at the Capital

WITH very few exceptions everything in the line of social gatherings "went to the wall" last week, and family reunions were the "order of the day," nearly every household in the city having reason to welcome the return of one or more of its members within its ranks for the Christmas week-end.

Col. and Mrs. Toller have with them their two elder married daughters, Mrs. J. Goldie Cranston, of Arnprior, and Mrs. Fred Markey, of Montreal, with their husbands and respective small sons, and Mr. Willie Toller (who is stationed in Quebec at present) also joined the family circle for the week-end.

Col. and Mrs. Irwin's house party was augmented by the arrival of their son, Lt. Irwin, from Halifax, and their daughter, Mrs. Alan Palmer, and Capt. Palmer from Kingston.

Judge and Mrs. Cassels had their two stalwart sons with them for two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Ouseley Rowley, of Montreal, arrived early in the week with their little daughter to spend several days with Mr. W. H. Rowley at Worfield House, and Miss Richardson, Mrs. Rowley's sister, came from Buffalo to join the family gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Russell came up from Montreal to spend Christmas and the two successive days with Mr. and Mrs. Omer Cote.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morse have their eldest son, Mr. Carl Morse, of Winnipeg, with them and also their niece, Miss Polly Peters, of Winnipeg, who is attending school in Toronto and will spend the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. Morse.

Miss Hilda Cayley, of Toronto, is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Magee, the parents of her fiance, Mr. Delamere Magee, who also came from Toronto to enjoy Christmas at home.

SOME of those who are spending the festive season with friends or relatives out of town are Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Dewar and family, who have gone to Mr. Dewar's old home, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Hansard and little Master Hansard, who left on Wednesday for St. John, N.B., to remain a fortnight; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Guthrie and children, who also left early in the week for St. John, to spend the holiday period with Mrs. Guthrie's mother, Mrs. Smith; and Hon. William and Mrs. Pugsley, who left for the same city and will enjoy the holidays in their former home.

Col. and Mrs. Molson Crawford went to Montreal to eat their Christmas dinner, and Mr., Mrs. and the Misses St. Denis Lemoine "Christmassed" at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, whence they will sail shortly after the New Year for a winter on the continent.

ALTHOUGH there has been a dearth of gayety during the past few weeks the holidays bid fair to entirely change this state of affairs, judging by the long list of festivities which are en train for the entertainment of the younger set during the next ten days or so.

Mrs. Stopford Maunsell is giving a "domino dance" on the 30th for the young friends of her daughter, Miss Muriel Maunsell, and her two sons who are home from St. Alban's school in Brockville.

Mrs. J. J. Codville will entertain in honor of her son, Cadet Frank Codville, who arrived last week from the Royal Military College, Kingston, in company with a large contingent of his brother cadets who are home for the holidays.

Major Elliott is giving a large dance on January 5 in the Old Racquet Court for his young daughters, the Misses Marjorie and Keye Elliott, who are among the many "not-outs" for whose benefit the lion's share of the gayeties just now are being given.

Mrs. Somerset Graves will on New Year's Night entertain at a house dance in honor of her two sons, Cadet Tom Graves and Mr. Phillip Graves.

Then for the older set of young people there will be the annual ball given by the May Queen and members of the May Court Club on New Year's Eve, which is sure to be the great success it always is. And preceding it on Thursday evening Mrs. W. S. Fielding is giving a dinner to include a number of those who are taking an active interest in its management.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth has sent out invitations for a large tea on the 29th December in honor of her niece, Miss Grange; and Mrs. Alex. J. Christie, according to an old-established custom for some years back, will entertain at the tea hour on New Year's Day, when both sexes will be present. Mrs. Christie and her two daughters, the Misses Fay and Katie Christie, intend sailing shortly after the New Year for a sojourn of some months in Egypt and Italy.

MRS D. M. Finnie's dance on Wednesday evening for her daughter, Miss Gladys Finnie, one of the season's debutantes, was the one festive gathering of last week, and was very much enjoyed by all the bright young people of the Capital, who were present in full force. The house was gay with Christmas decorations of holly and mistletoe, and quantities of fragrant cut flowers also added to the brightness of Mrs. Finnie's pretty rooms. The hostess wore a gown of mauve and white net and carried violets Miss Gladys being all in white and carrying a beautiful sheaf of American Beauty roses.

Miss Jean Gibson, daughter of Hon. William Gibson, of Beamsville, whose engagement has recently been announced to Mr. David Finnie, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Finnie, and wore a very pretty Directoire gown of pink satin.

An orchestra supplied most inspiriting music and the large drawing-rooms made a charming ball-room. The halls were attractively and cosily arranged with sitting-out nooks and the billiard room was utilized as a supper room where various small tables were arranged and prettily decorated with cut flowers. It was an exceedingly jolly dance and all the young people thoroughly enjoyed it.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Dec. 28, 1908.

SELLERS-GOUGH

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE FUR HOUSE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

MID-WINTER SALE

20 to 50 Per Cent. Reductions.

This sale has started in real earnest. Apparently many people were just waiting for this opportunity. Last week's business exceeded our fondest expectations. There is not a prospective fur purchaser who can afford to overlook this sale. It is not often one gets an opportunity of this kind, when the highest quality and most dignified and exclusive furs are offered at such ridiculously low prices. But you know the reason for the sale, we must clear out our stock. When buying in this store you buy in a store that has only one price for everybody, and as a consequence when we say 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. reduction, it is very easy for you to figure out just how much you are saving on each article, as the regular price is marked on every garment and piece of fur offered for sale.

LYNX MUFFS, $11.75.
Black Western Lynx Muffs, in the new animal style, trimmed with large heads and tails, eiderdown beds, satin lining, silk wrist cord. Regular $18 and $20. Sale price $11.75

LYNX STOLES, $11.75.
This is fine Black Western Lynx Stole, in large cape effect, trimmed with heads and bushy tails. Regular $20. Sale price $11.75

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS, MINK TRIMMED, $99.
This is a beautiful line of Jackets, in the new Imperial style, two-stripe mink collar, lapels and cuffs. This coat is 26 inches long, made from bright, glossy skins; the mink is the finest Canadian natural mink; lined with black satin. Regular $135 to $155. Sale price....$99.00

LADIES' FUR-LINED COATS, $45.
Shells in the finest broadcloth and ladies' cloth, lined with the best quality muskrat and grey squirrel, collars of sable and Persian lamb, all sizes. Regular $65 to $75. Sale price $45.00

WHITE FOX MUFFS, $16.50.
These Muffs are in the new animal style, trimmed with heads and tails, best satin lining, eiderdown bed, silk wrist cord. Regular $25. Sale price $16.50

WHITE FOX STOLES, $29.50.
There is a variety of Stoles to select from in this special, trimmed with heads and tails, lined with best white satin lining. Regular $40. Sale price $29.50

CANADIAN MINK STOLES, $49.
This line of Coats has been during this season our best seller, made from the best Canadian natural mink, they come in a variety of new styles, three stripes for shoulders, trimmed with heads and tails, finest brown satin lining. Regular $75. Sale price $49.00

CANADIAN MINK MUFFS, $29.
Best Canadian Natural Mink Tab Muffs, six and eight stripes, brown satin lining, best eiderdown bed, silk wrist cord. Regular $40 to $45. Sale price $29.00

MEN'S COON COATS, $42.50.
Large roomy Coats, made from the finest natural skins, lined with quilted Farmer's satin, chamois pockets, all sizes. Regular $60 and $65. Sale price $42.50

LADIES' MUSKRAT AUTO COATS, $49.
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Decay of the Short Story.

UNDER modern conditions our best authors are prohibited from exercising their art in the short story, writes Mr. Edwin Pugh, in The Fortnightly Review. It is not too much to say that if Mr. Rudyard Kipling were just now beginning to write his "Plain Tales from the Hills," as an unknown man, he would have but a very slender chance of getting them accepted. There is no magazine that I am acquainted with which would include Robert Louis Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet," "A Lodging for the Night," or "Providence and the Guitar" in its list of contents. I believe that most of them would take "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," but not until the author had consented to cut it down to half its present length. And there are many other short stories as splendid as these that recur to my memory which, if they were written now—but there is no incentive to write them—would be lost to the world.

The stories chiefly sought after nowadays are those possessing qualities which we have had to coin new words and phrases to describe: such words as "vim," "snap," "go," "crispness," "breeziness"; they must "go with a swing"; they must not "tail off," they must "grip the attention from the opening sentence," they must not be "spun out" or "padded"—as, say, "The Gold Bug," or "The Fall of the House of Usher," or "The Man Who Would be King" were. And all sorts of embargoes are laid upon the writers. Their stories must not offend anyone's susceptibilities; they must be adapted for reading aloud in the home circle; they must not be "unpleasant" or "painful"; they must conform to exigencies of space and lend themselves readily to illustration. Above all, they must not treat of any subject in which anyone is in any way vitally interested.

One still reads good short stories that creep in, despite all these restrictions; but they grow rarer and rarer, even in the American magazines and in such English magazines as Blackwood's, which also set certain arbitrary limits upon their contributors' fancy and talent beyond which they are forbidden to trespass. The inevitable consequence is that authors of the calibre of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Zangwill have virtually ceased to write short stories, whilst such other authors as Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Marriott Watson, Mr. Walter Raymond, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford—to select a mere handful—are reduced to prostituting their genius to the level of what is commonly and erroneously held to be the prevalent taste.

The short story has fallen into decay, not because we lack living authors capable of excelling in that form of literature, but because we deceive ourselves with false notions of what the public needs. He would be a daring man who declared that we are less critical now than we were ten or fifteen years ago. Yet where are our present-day authors of the calibre of Ella D'Arcy and Kenneth Grahame and Netta Syrett, whose stories lent a lustre to the "Yellow Book," that even the miasmas of its occasional prurience could not wholly obscure? These three, at least, could not be accused of transgressing any accepted rules of reticence; yet one cannot think of any modern magazine which would be likely to print any such short stories of theirs as evoked such warm eulogy at the time of their appearance, until the authors had first submitted themselves to a rigorous process of stultification.

In conclusion, one word more may fittingly be added, perhaps, in explanation of still another phenomenon connected with rather a different phase of the subject of this essay. This concerns the humorous short story, which differs from all other short stories in that the less it conforms to the accepted canons of the branch of art to which it belongs, the greater are its chances of success. The jester's license should contain only one condition: that He Be Funny—fun and vulgarity having, of course, nothing in common.

The fashion in literature that consists in imparting vividness to a narrative by writing in very short sentences occasionally produces amusing results. In a "realistic story" which is as yet in manuscript, according to a New York publisher, the following thrilling passage occurs:

"Penning entered the room. In a corner of this room sat four persons. They were engaged in low conversation. Three of them were men. One was a woman."

Some time thereafter the narrative resumes in this way:

"Suddenly the door opened. A peddler entered. He was a Jew. He carried a basket. He approached the persons in the corner. The woman bought of him three red cotton handkerchiefs. One of them was white."

E. & J. Burke's

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and all winter resorts the Canadian Pacific Railway gives excellent service. With the exceptional facilities at the command of this line, passengers purchasing tickets at one of their offices are assured of a worry-free trip, without the endless bother of making exchanges. A ticket to the most remote corner of the Sunny South is as little trouble to the holder as one to Hamilton or Owen Sound. It is all a question of making the right start, and that can safely be left to the C.P.R.

The Landlady.—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer? Mr. Newcomer.—A little of the outside, please.—Puck.

Knicker—Whom does the baby resemble? Bocker—Its yell takes after its father college.—New York Sun.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People. . . . .

A SECOND edition has just been issued of that very interesting book, "Recollections of the War of 1812," by Dr. Wm. Dunlop, with a biographical sketch of the author by A. H. N. Colquhoun, LL.D., Deputy Minister of Education, Ontario. No more interesting picture of the life and times in early Ontario can be found than that which was so shrewdly set down by Dr. Dunlop. He was in the centre of war and politics, and had considerable gifts as a story-teller. It is a book that all Canadians should read and cannot read without enjoyment. It is published by the Historical Publishing Company, Toronto, and no doubt can be had at any of the book stores.

* * *

Among the holiday books received at this office, a very interesting one is "Lullabies of Many Lands," drawn and compiled by Elizabeth Withington, and published by H. M. Caldwell & Co., New York. Miss Withington has given not only the lullabies, but also the music that goes with each, ornamented with drawings in costume of the singers. Another very attractive holiday book for children issued by the same publishing house is "King Time," by P. K. Fitzhugh, illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. It is an unusually interesting book to read to, or be read by, children.

* * *

"Roy and Ray in Canada," by Mary Wright Plummer, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, is a similar book to "Roy and Ray in Mexico" by the same writer. The volume is illustrated from photographs, with map and words and music of the Canadian national songs. The frontispiece is a group picture of some of the leading Fathers of Confederation. While the volume will serve as a travel guide, it is written as an interesting story, and is particularly suited for boys and girls.

* * *

Gladstone, Ruskin and many other famous men used to buy old books from Charles Lowe in the old days when he kept shop in New street. John o' London in T.P.'s Weekly tells of a talk he had with Mr. Lowe. He asked the bookseller how Mr. Gladstone ordered, and was told that he marked a catalogue and wrote: "Send these." An enquiry was made as to Ruskin. "Well," said Mr. Lowe, "if he bought £9 16s. worth of books he would send me a cheque for £10 and say 'Give the change to the packer.'"

* * *

One will often meet with a physician who is strongly cynical. In T.P.'s Weekly a number of answers have been published in recent issues to the question as to which book readers of that paper would choose if alone on a desert island. Many, of course, choose the Bible as the greatest and most comforting of all books. Next in favor comes Shakespeare, then Boswell's Johnson and several others. A medical man, however, rather ends the controversy by gravely contributing his choice. He mentions the experience of a relative of his own, who, in going into a distant country to look after a copper mine, found himself amidst thousands of natives with no white companions and nothing to read but the Bible and Shakespeare. In three months he lost his reason. The medical man, however, suggests one book, and only one, that would serve the needs of a modern Crusoe alone on a desert island. He supposes that there would be birds on the island, and fishes in the water, and that the lonely man could put sticks together and light a fire. Under such circumstances, he asks: What classic could afford the infinite variety throughout every day of the year as a modern cookery book?

* * *

A volume which ought to interest a good many Canadians is "My Life and Dancing," by Maud Allan, the Ontario girl who has been one of the recent stage sensations of old London. The book is published by Everett & Company, 42 Essex street, Strand, London, and, although exceedingly well illustrated, well printed, and neatly bound, sells for the low price of a shilling. Miss Allan tells of her childhood in her Canadian home, recalls her student days, relates her most interesting experiences as a dancer, and outlines the meaning which she attaches to her dancing as an expression of "a harmonious existence." Miss Allan is not only a magnificent specimen of physical womanhood, but she seems to be an interesting character as well. Her "home" photographs show her to be possessed of a sweetness of face that is found only in women who have, even though it may be latent, the quality of domesticity. There is not a vulgar line in either her face or her figure, and her presence, like her dancing, is the embodiment of womanly grace. Altogether Miss Allan and her work are well worth considering; and her little book, just published, gives us an excellent opportunity of learning more about her than we have from fugitive newspaper paragraphs.

* * *

Perfunctory applause is the most that ambitious young Canadian verse-writers can, as a rule, earn from the "jaded reviewer." But occasionally a ready and original rhymster is uncovered. Such discoveries are of interest. SATURDAY NIGHT makes them always with much interest; and this paragraph is written in the belief that the name of Tom McInnes, a poet down Montreal way, ought from this time on to figure in fairly bold type in the list of our verse-writers of ability and promise.

A volume of poetry by Mr. McInnes entitled "A Romance of the Last," has been issued from the press of Desbarats & Co., Montreal, which seems to us to merit special commendation. The poems are varied in tone and of a style and spirit to suggest that their author is an accomplished writer of excellent taste and judgment. The opening stanzas of one of his poems, "Fey," selected at random, shows that he possesses spirit and a mastery of verse forms:

Up from the sea that was Celtic,
On a midsummer night of old,
A fairy rose in the moonlight,
Where the swooning waters roll'd
To a crag that was crowned with a castle,
Irregular, round and high—
The castle bold, embattled,
Of days gone by.

And a piper paced the ramparts
In his own clan-tartan clad,
With the ancient arms accoutred
That his father's father had;
And the pipes that he played were chanting
Of valor and Highland pride—
To the tune of them kings had conquer'd,
And heroes died.

Tho' only a lad come twenty,
He could hold with any man,
And well was he taught in the music,
And well could he lead his clan;
And the gallant air he was playing
He play'd as never before—
Then he ceased and drew from its scabbard
His bright claymore.

But Mr. McInnes does not play on a one-stringed harp. He writes of "Lonesome Bar," up in the "iron-tempered Arctic," putting into his verse the swing and gripping quality that distinguish the work of Mr. R. W. Service, the Yukon poet. This poem's story, too, is as compelling as its form. Then the writer carries one from west to east and sings "The Rime of Jacques Valbeau." Then from grim poetic narrative he turns to pastoral delicacies, such as "The Moonlit Wheat," "In a Northern Lane," and other poems, all unordinary and admirable. The volume from cover to cover is interesting—something which cannot be said of many volumes more pretentious on which are stamped in golden letters much more impressive names than that of Tom McInnes.

* * *

The Christmas number of The Canadian Magazine is coming in for high and general praise. The literary contents of the issue are varied and meritorious, and the illustrations are excellent. Among the contributors are Theodore Roberts, Robert E. Knowles, Frederick George Scott, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Virna Sheard, Jean Blewett, George Herbert Clarke, Albert R. Carman, James P. Haverson, L. M. Montgomery, S. T. Wood, Augustus Bridle, Jean Graham, Archie P. McKishnie and S. A. White. There is also an unpublished poem by the late Dr. Drummond. The artists whose illustrations appear in this number are I. W. Beatty, Fergus Kyle, T. G. Greene, George Butler and A. C. G. Lapine.

The Book.

TIME has gathered another year;
Winter and summer, spring and fall—
Gone are they beyond recall,
Fled like mists when the sun shines clear.

Time has opened his Book of Days,
One more page is there to read;
Nothing of purpose, only the deed,
That is all that his balance weighs.

Time has spread a snowy leaf;
Over it waits his tireless hand;
Soon on his page will the New Year stand
In fadeless colors of joy and grief!

—New York Sun.

BEST TRAINS TO MONTREAL

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Hostile Criticism of Canada

A Writer in "John Bull" Piles it on Pretty Thick.

AN Englishman, after saving sufficient money, will journey across the water in search of a land where he can find full scope for his energies, establish a comfortable home, and happily settle.

He chooses Canada for several reasons. Its easy accessibility, and the knowledge that it is our largest and most prosperous colony, also the idea that Canada is more like England than any other place under the sun attracts him, whilst the golden advertisements of the Emigration Department, and the honeyed words of the shipping agent clinch the matter.

The pretty books he receives, with illustrations showing picturesque farmsteads with shady trees and babbling brooks, fire his imagination and cheer his heart. Little does he know that the pictures, presumably of the Golden West, are in reality photographs taken in the Eastern part of Ontario and are of farmsteads older than himself. The *real* West, with its many absolutely treeless miles of brown turfed prairie, and the rude "shack," 10 ft. by 7 ft., is a picture that is altogether too commonplace and true to appear in the publications of the Dominion Government.

The Old Country, as England is invariably described, is spoken of by the young Canadian with the patronizing air sometimes adopted towards his parents by the young blade just feeling his feet.

Hustle, let me hasten to tell you, is a great word over there. "Do it now," "Get rich quick," "Do others or they will do you." These are sentences to conjure by, and you will find them calling at you from every office wall and warehouse counter.

You must hustle out of bed, hustle down to breakfast half-dressed, and then hustle back to finish; hustle down to business and back, and, finally, hustle to the grave to make room for the next hustler. This system of make-believe speed, in conjunction with efficiency, is nothing more than a great swindle.

Indeed, Canadian work of all kinds cries out as if in pain for want of care, finish and general stability. Of course, it is delightful to hustle over work because it so soon wants hustling over again. Hustle is a thin veneer with which to cover all sloppy work whose only merit is the speed with which it was accomplished, and with which it will wear away and sink into decay. The Canadian is only too pleased to cover his own sloppy work by decrying the Old Countryman's better but less speedy sample.

The phrase "Word of Honour" is one for which, unfortunately, there is no equivalent in the Canadian language, so, of course, we must not blame the Canadian, who completely fails to understand such matters.

It comes rather rough, however, on the new English settler if he is fool enough to believe a man when he makes a promise. Before long, however, the Old Countryman learns his lesson and believes no one at all, distrusts even his own brother, and returns to England ultimately a suspicious man for the rest of his days, which is perhaps as well.

All's fair in love, war, or Canada. This is the rosy description which covers a little known land. The Eastern Canadian understands as little about it as does the Englishman from over-seas. Hundreds of miles of barren brown-grassed land is the sight which greets the new settler's eye if he should arrive in the spring of the year or the early summer.

Rolling Prairie, the poetic Government agents like Mr. J. Obed Smith call it; in reality, it is but a treeless waste of flat and uninteresting land. Later on in the summer, there appear here and there crops of wheat, sometimes in the olden quarters miles of it, but that is chiefly around Indian Head and district.

The whole vast wilderness is painted in far too rosy colors and even Canadians from "down east" who venture forth to the "wild and woolly West," wish they had remained in "good old Toronto" and speak of their new, and generally temporary home in anything but Sunday-school language.

The food and dirty ways of living disgust them, as do also the extra long hours of work and the lonely evenings. This to a Canadian bred and born! You can imagine the effect of the life on the average Englishman. The Prairie "farmer bachelor" washes and shaves once a week, when going into town; and cleans his teeth and bathes, never; and wears black sateen shirts to avoid the apparent necessity of clean linen.

The little "shack," isolated from civilization and out of touch with its nearest neighbor, five miles away, is hardly the home of romance some would have us believe. Filled with farm implements and odds and ends, there is no room for the new arrival's rather over-large trunk, and it must necessarily remain on the Prairie alongside the bigger-box, called by courtesy, the "shack," where the rain and snow soon demolish what the C.P.R. has left of a respectable English trunk.

Good old Golden West, where we work out our term of three months' hard labor and nine months' solitary confinement. Up to your neck in mud as soon as the snow melts, then drenched in tropical rains, and afterwards eaten alive by mosquitoes, who do not even wait for the later hot July sun to roast the dainty morsel.

What, then, remains of us is snowed up all the winter, and we have plenty of leisure to compare the amount of hard-earned ready money our little lot of grain has brought us in with the tradesman's bill at the general store in town twenty miles away.

It frequently happens that the two lots of figures are so much alike that we cannot tell t'other from which.

RENEW YOUR YOUTH.

Never before has the struggle for social and commercial success been so keen as in our own day, and to the victor and the vanquished alike comes a time when nerves and body cry for rest. Nature and science have combined to produce an environment where tired men and women may renew their youth. On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at St. Catharines, Ontario, is situated "The Welland," where the ills of life are alleviated by bathing in the Saline Springs of the "St. Catharines Well," under proper medical supervision and attendance. Apply to City Office northwest corner King and Yonge streets, for booklet and further information.

Doctor—Did your husband follow my directions? Did he take the medicine I left for him religiously? Patient's Wife—I'm afraid not, doctor. He swore every time I gave him a dose.—Boston Transcript.

Brown.—Did you ever have absent treatment? Jones.—Oh, yes, and when I get home I'll have present treatment for being absent so long. —Brooklyn Life.

Harold—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her? Rupert.—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.

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The Rules of the Game.

A FOUL ne'er sends the batter to his base,
The fullback's punt is blocked if made too late,
The eight-oared crew's bossed from the four-oared race,
The golfer's nine ne'er beats his rival's eight.

The game of life, too, has rules iron-clad,
Enforcement is impartial, sure and strict;
The good we do is scored, while for the bad
The rules always a penalty inflict.

Untruth ne'er passes muster as a fact,
Ill-gotten wealth ne'er brings the cherished goal;
Ten selfish deeds ne'er equal one kind act;
In vain do cravens play the hero's role.

Whate'er we do, whate'er the path we choose,
Whate'er our work, whate'er may be our tools,
Let it be said that always, win or lose,
We played the game according to the rules.

—New York Sun.

The London Globe reminds us that some of the observances of fashionable society had their origin in physical defects. The elevated handshake, it seems, is one of these observances. It appears that a prince, a leader of society in the French capital, had a carbuncle or some such inconvenient and painful growth on his shoulder. Whenever a friend gave him a handshake the operation, so far as the prince was concerned, was most painful. To prevent this he raised his hand horizontally to his shoulder, and, if we may use the expression, had "the whip hand."

This new method of handshake was the astonishment and admiration of certain persons always on the lookout for the latest in society, who thought that the prince had inaugurated a new fashion which one sees daily in operation in the Strand.

The dainty lace handkerchief which ladies use owes its origin also to the defects of nature. The unhappy Empress Josephine introduced the fashion. She suffered from bad teeth, and living in the time when American dentistry was unknown, she cast about her for some means to hide the defect. The cambric handkerchief with rich lace was the outcome. If the Empress wished to laugh or had to open her mouth widely, the handkerchief was requisitioned.

Again, yellow lace has its origin in sadness, according to tradition. A lady of distinction had lost her husband by shipwreck or some other cause. She was impressed with the idea that he would return, and vowed to continue wearing until he was restored to her the lace which adorned her dress when she said farewell. Like Josephine's handkerchief, her intimates thought her soiled lace was an innovation in fashion and adopted means to copy it.

"Yes, I'll give you your dinner," said the woman at the farmhouse door; "but it's one of my rules to make people earn what I give them. What is your work!"

"It is a kind of labor, madam," said the hobo, "that is very arduous—I should almost say harduous," he added, with a flicker of his eyebrow in appreciation of his own jest. "And a peculiar feature of it, ma'am, is that I am required to eat first before I can do it properly."

"Dear me!" quoth the good woman. "How very strange! Pray what is this strange kind of work?"

"I am an after-dinner speaker, ma'am," explained the tramp.—Harper's Weekly.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRINCE RUPERT.

The highest compliment yet paid to Prince Rupert, the New Pacific port, come from the Grand Trunk's Pacific's chief competitor. It is announced that the Canadian Pacific has appointed a freight and passenger agent at that port. This is another evidence of the correctness of the contention of Mr. Hays' that Prince Rupert will command attention. The Canadian Pacific is very wise and aggressive but it is not in the habit of opening offices and incurring expense of maintaining agents at ports or points where there is no business. Prince Rupert seems to have arrived in advance of the first Grand Trunk Pacific train.

Doctor.—You have only a few moments to live. Have you anything to say? Patient.—Only this, doctor—that you've made a mighty quick job of it!—Scraps.

The knitting needle has been superseded by the bridge score card and the chairman's gavel.—Life.